

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

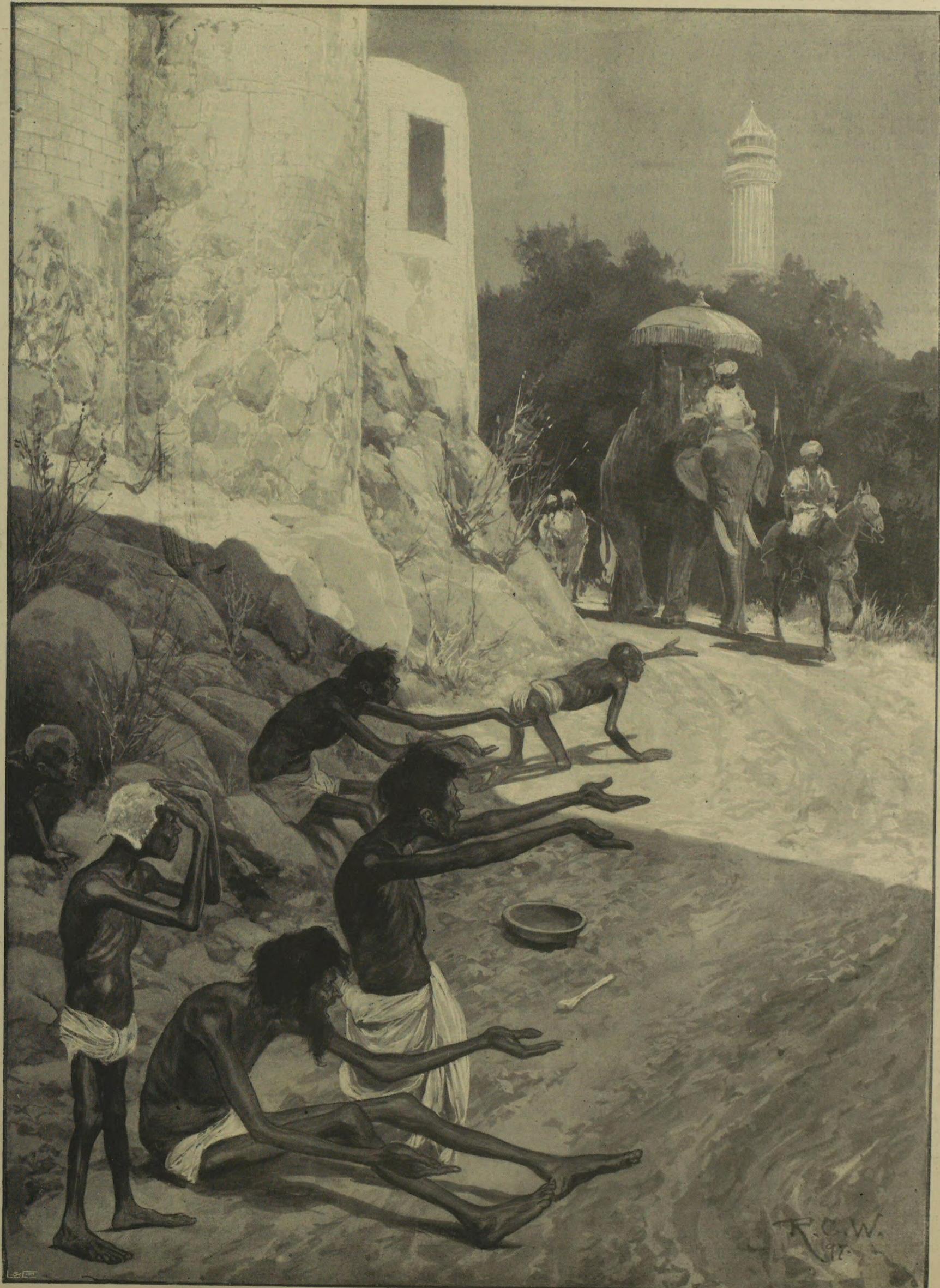


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THE INDIAN FAMINE: A ROADSIDE SCENE IN THE FAMINE-STRICKEN DISTRICT.

By R. Caton Woodville, R.R.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The effect of the recent action at law respecting the amount of extracts permissible in a review is less obvious to laymen than to lawyers; but, on the whole, common-sense seems to have been vindicated. The defence of those who extract too generously is that it is a fine advertisement to the author, and this, if he were young and unknown, would be a reasonable plea; but unfortunately this compliment is only paid to well-known writers who are in no need of publicity. This, however, does not seem to have been always the case. Erskine had a friend, one Wright, who had published a little work on mathematics. The "Encyclopaedia Britannica," in treating this subject, "practically swallowed up words, line, diagram, and all its merits. Wright consulted Erskine as to bringing an action, but was advised not to do so. The 'Encyclopaedia' was rich, the law was uncertain; no doubt there were other authors who had been similarly wronged, but they would leave him to pull the chestnuts out of the fire, and not lift a finger to help him," etc. "Don't bring your action," said Erskine, "but there is an admirable old law called the *lex talionis*. Go and publish a new edition of your treatise, and take in the whole of the 'Encyclopaedia' in a quotation." Poor Mr. Wright was not pleased. It is curious enough that in cases of this kind it is not unfavourable criticism that is objected to, but, on the contrary, a too open admiration of the author's genius expressed by lavish quotation. It is done, he is assured, for the benefit of the world at large, and he must indeed have a sordid spirit to resent its being conferred gratuitously. The only thing that is wanting to complete the nobility of this philanthropic arrangement is that the magazine or newspaper into which the extracts are "conveyed" should also be gratuitous. Otherwise, it is whispered among the vulgar that the conveyancers have no more lofty intention in the matter than that of getting their "copy" for nothing.

It is not generally known that the origin of our copyright laws is to be found in a resolution of the House of Commons so far back as 1646. Captain Bell having "at great cost and pains discovered a manuscript of Luther's 'Table Talk,' marvellously preserved, and published his translation, the House resolved that he should have the sole disposal and benefit of printing it for fourteen years."

At this season of the year it is considerate in persons who find themselves near their end, and whose friends are people of moderate means, to express a wish that no floral offerings should be laid upon their graves. It is always a sensible thing to discourage these wasteful tributes, since they benefit no one, and are no real test of friendship, which cannot be supplied in this weather at the florist's in wreaths at less than "ten and sixpence upwards." It would be even still more thoughtful in our invalids if they would add to their request of "no flowers" one for non-attendance of their friends at their funerals. It must come from themselves, since those about them are naturally too much concerned about their departure to think of others, while in the absence of such an intimation there is a general idea that, notwithstanding any delicacy of health or inclemency of weather, our last duty to our friends is to attend their interments. It is in reality a tribute of respect paid not to them, but to their family; and surely there are other ways in which this can be done more usefully and with less personal danger. In some lands it is the custom to sacrifice the living to the manes of the dead, and we justly call it barbarous. Why, then, among ourselves, should we encourage the risk of this very thing? In winter, at all events, such a notice as "Friends are requested not to attend" would be read with great relief at the foot of each obituary notice.

The vitality of the question, Critic versus Author, is most amazing. One would think that everything had been said about it that there was to be said, but the disputants are as active as ever. They are at it now, in half-a-dozen journals, hammer and tongs. The popular error that a good book can be harmed by a "slating" reviewer will probably never die out; there are always books, good in the opinion of the authors at least, which have been slated and not been successful, and it is so much pleasanter to think that the slating has caused the failure than their own want of merit. This delusion is of the same class as that of the rejected contributor who imagines he is always elbowed out by a clique; outside literature there is a similar set of harmless lunatics who think they are the victims of a conspiracy. Browning has lately been made to say that a depreciatory notice of his "Bells and Pomegranates" deprived him of his rightful place in the world of letters for twenty years. What he may have possibly remarked, being one of the most thin-skinned of poets, was that he felt the sting of it for that period. Even that is hardly fair to say of a dead man, since the question naturally arises, "Why, knowing his own sensitiveness, was he fool enough to read it?" Somebody may say—for people will say anything—perhaps he wished to be improved by criticism. If any man acquainted with men of letters believes that, he will believe anything. An author, one supposes, has done his best, and given up six months or more to the composition of his work. Is it likely that an individual, however clever,

should, after six hours' attention to the same subject, be in a position to teach it him? I leave out of the question the extreme improbability of his wishing to do anything of the kind. One would think that authors were boys and critics their schoolmasters. If, on the other hand, the author has scamped his work, and *not* done his best, can it be supposed that he doesn't know it better than any human being can tell him? The critic may be quite right in his view of matters, but as to the improvement of the author, I really think that idea may be dismissed. The effect of an adverse notice of a good book is, nowadays at all events, not worth consideration; the effect of a favourable criticism may be, on the other hand, of material benefit (as was undoubtedly the case, for example, with Stevenson) in the way of early recognition. But never was a wiser saying upon this subject than came from the lips of one of the greatest of critics: "No writer was ever written down except by himself."

One is not quite certain that "scientists" and men of science are identical. At all events, we do not read of the Simpsons and the Listers, the mere pain-killers and death-aversers, under the former title, which is generally reserved for the ingenious persons who find disease where no one ever suspected it, death in the pan as well as in the pot, and peril everywhere. Their discoveries are not of the useful and vulgar sort—such as the circulation of the blood and vaccination—but of a minute and delicate character. They pass their lives in the pursuit of a bacillus, which, when they have caught, they have no conception what to do with, or in tracing the most alarming results to habits that have been deemed harmless for centuries. The scientists have begun the year in fine style, and, indeed, have never manifested a greater activity. One of them has discovered the yellow-fever bacillus, a great addition to medical entomology. It is said to be "exhibited" somewhere, and if this is not a mere technical expression, one can imagine an attractive and highly coloured spectacle formed by a combination of it with the scarlet-fever bacillus, which has been for a long time out of an engagement. Another scientist has come to the conclusion, by a series of delicate experiments which it would be difficult to explain, that opera-glasses hired in a theatre frequently become the medium of spreading very serious eye-diseases. This gentleman is described as an oculist, but one has a suspicion he may be an optician, with a natural objection to the hire system; or is it the mere reference to the organ of vision that reminds the reader of the well-known connection between the eye and Betty Martin? If this discoverer be correct, what risks of ophthalmia (to one eye at all events) must be run at our seaside resorts, where a peep through a telescope is to be had for a penny! Even to look in a public mirror may be frightfully dangerous: you may "catch" a glance from somebody else (and, indeed, this has been done) which you don't easily get rid of. These are not cheerful discoveries; but scientist number three restores the average. He has invented a machine he styles the Electrostat, which directs such a stream of electricity on the brain that the dullest person subjected to the operation becomes intelligent. "There will be no more stupid people in the world" is his sanguine prophecy. It sounds optimistic, yet it will be by no means good news to everybody. If this revolution should be effected, how are the sharp people to live?

At this present writing there seems some hope that the hideous story of "The Salvation Army and the Monkey Girl" (it sounds like a comic Aesop's Fable) may prove untrue. That a child could have been put in a monkey's skin and given gin to stop its growth, so that it never grew out of its skin, seems too shocking to be believed. The attempt to make a human being resemble an animal—though he often makes a beast of *himself*—is very unusual. The deception is generally the other way, as in the case of the many sham mermaids or sirens ("Pagan, I regret to say," as Mr. Pecksniff observed) who have appealed to the public without enchanting it. Curiously enough, the chief manufacturer of these nondescripts seems to be Japan, the inhabitants of which country have a passion for whatever is odd and strange. Dr. Von Siebold, the traveller, tells us how certain fishermen contrived to combine the upper half of a monkey with the lower half of a fish so as to defy ordinary inspection. Frank Buckland used bitterly to complain that friends who visited his museum were much more attracted by his Nondescript than by any of its more important contents. He had bought it at an old curiosity shop, where nothing was known about it. It was of the size of a baby a few months old, but by no means a beautiful one. It had wings on its shoulders like the old army aiguillettes, and claws on the tips of the wings, and all so artfully contrived that one would believe they could be unfurled like a bat's wing whenever it wished to take a fly. "The arms," says its proud proprietor, "are amazingly human-like, and look as though the dried skin had shrunk fast on to the bone; the legs also represent a similar appearance. The hands and feet are demon-like, and of a long, scraggy, merciless appearance, and each finger and toe is armed with a formidable-looking claw. The ribs project frightfully, as though the Nondescript had lately been in reduced circumstances, and had been living for some time *a la malcontent*. The head is about as big as a very large apple.

The ears project outward and downward, like those of an African elephant. The face is wrinkled and deformed; the nose like a pig's snout; the eye like those of a cod-fish; the teeth double rows in each jaw, with protruding fangs in front; and surmounting this hideous countenance, a rough shock of fine wool-like hair, presenting the true prison crop, as though the Nondescript had been in trouble and had had 'the key turned upon him'; and this I should think more than likely, for a more villainous-looking rascal I never beheld." Buckland had never been able properly to investigate the creature till he became its possessor, for cursory observation it defied. He tested it with a surgical exploring needle, and found no bone nor anything like a bone; simply soft wood, probably cedar. The skin and wings were of papier-maché, skilfully put on in wrinkles, and admirably coloured and shaded to give the appearance of a dried baby. He fancied it came from Japan.

"General" Booth's notion of raising money for the Army by consecrating some particular piece of property to its use is, like many other of his suggestions, very ingenious. The gardener is to say of one of his trees, presumably a fruit-bearing one, "This shall be the Army's. Whatever it produces shall go into its exchequer." The farmer is to do the like with one of his fields. The cottager shall put aside a hen whose eggs and chickens are for the commissariat of the Army only; the beekeeper his hive. "Even a corner in a gold-mine might be set apart as the Army corner." "Corners," however, in the City have never been made with this intention, and we fear that the plan generally will be found difficult to work. There will be a temptation to consecrate the least promising part of the mine, the least fruitful tree, the least prolific hen to this excellent purpose; moreover, if the returns from these sources are unexpectedly good, we should find in only too many cases that there has been an alteration in the selection. The having the sole control of results in our own hands is usually found too great an ordeal for poor humanity. How few of us, for example, fail to win at "Patience" when there is nobody looking on!

Some time ago there appeared a clever novel entitled "The City," which professed to inform the public of the works and ways of that mysterious personage the promoter. It was not a complimentary description of financial companies, and left the impression that most "going concerns" were in need of "winding up." "The Lower Life" devotes itself to the same subject, and "goes one better," or at least farther, since it implies that all gambling in the City is more or less carried on, by those who keep the tables, with loaded dice. The book, I see, has not been received with rapture by the Financial Organs, which is not surprising, since they are represented as especially dishonest. On the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, the editor of the *Kite* is made, in a confidential moment, to describe the methods of a certain outside broker. His business is conducted on what is called "the cover system." "You have an idea, for example, that Brighton A's are going to rise. You write to Mr. X and tell him to buy fifty shares, and enclose a cheque for £50. The Brighton A's rise one point, and you get your £50 back and another £50 besides. If they drop a point he keeps your £50, and the transaction is at an end. Nothing can be fairer; but what Mr. X does is to pick out a stock already high, and not likely to rise higher, and to flood the country with circulars advising people to buy it. Cheques come pouring in because he is known to be a safe man. Then he sends a broker into the House to 'knock down' the shares; to go on selling them till the lower price gets on the tape. This is done at lunch-time when the House is nearly empty, and a small sale produces the required result. Then Mr. X's clients have all lost their stakes, which he puts into his pocket, and writes to say that, owing to unforeseen circumstances, the speculation has resulted in a loss." He is only one of the many commercial tricksters, ranging from the swindling millionaire down to the blackmailer. It is with the former of the two classes that the story has mainly to do. It describes with no little skill the demoralising effect of commercial gambling, even when successful to the last, upon the characters of those who pursue that calling, and how it shakes the pillars of domestic peace. It is interesting in itself, and will have attractions, no doubt, for many on account of the new world to which it introduces them. Those persons who think, with one of the characters in "The Lower Life," that the only disagreeable part of a speculative career is losing, are, it seems, mistaken. Like another and more familiar vice, "it hardens all within and petrifies the feeling." Once it lays hold of a man he never gets loose from it, and even in the rare cases where the temptation to defraud is resisted, love and friendship must needs be sacrificed to it. If the picture the author gives of this "industry" is a correct one, it is a terrible indictment. On the other hand, it is difficult to sympathise with the victims of these financial schemes. What business have the "clergy" and the "widow and the orphan" to do with gold-mines? They cannot be such idiots as to expect from them the same security as from an investment in Consols; and are probably induced to try their luck in them quite as much by their liking for a "flutter" as by the temptation to increase a scanty income.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## FAMINE AND PLAGUE IN INDIA.

The Lord Mayor's Mansion House Fund to relieve the distress caused by the famine in India amounted on Wednesday to over £150,000. Rain fell in the Punjab last week, and prices of grain have slightly declined there; in Behar, the North-West Provinces, and the Central Provinces, except Bundelcund, the standing crops are in fair or good condition; but in Bombay they are still in want of rain. The total number of people on the Government relief works is 1,750,000. During the next two months it is likely to increase, as the grain now sown cannot be reaped until March, April, or May. After that, prospects for the remainder of the year will depend on the monsoon winds, beginning from the north-west in the latter part of June, when autumn crops should be sown. The monsoons are usually prolonged to the end of October, changing their direction, and bringing needful rain. In the Punjab, where more than one-third of the area cultivated for grain is artificially watered by irrigation, and where the population have more money than in some other provinces, the misery occasioned by a bad season may be less severely felt. Experience of former calamitous years has shown that while few of the natives die of actual starvation in their own village homes, the greatest difficulty in supplying relief is caused by large multitudes of them wandering about—men, women, and children—to other districts where they are strangers, and where no preparation can have been made for their support. This drifting migration of the ignorant and helpless people of course throws into confusion the local arrangements of food stores, camps of shelter, public works for employment, kitchens, and hospitals provided by Government; and the official task of administering relief would be almost impossible were it not for the extension of roads, canals, and railways effected within thirty years past.

The mass of the people of India are simple-minded, and remain yet in a very primitive condition. They will worship almost anything, particularly if it is *purana*, or old, as a god. In their misery in the midst of dire hunger and pestilence they naturally turn to all their objects of worship to seek relief. Noted shrines are flocked to and the gods are implored for assistance. Many, in their last agony, go out in such hopeless endeavours, and fail to return. Among the traditions of the mythic period in India is one of a celebrated cow that belonged to Vasishtha. The animal was known as the "Cow of Plenty," called Nandini, and it had the power of granting whatever its possessor desired. This cow is yet sacred in India, and figures of it are naturally frequented in times of scarcity by suppliants who hope that it may still be the "Cow of Plenty." Hindu maidens also go out to the fields and perform suitable ceremonies by which they invoke the gods to send rain. The *buniahs*, or shopkeepers who deal in grain, are believed by these simple-minded people to use charms to prevent the clouds from coming with the desired relief, so as to raise the value of their stock. It is told of one that for this purpose he had a wheel made of dead men's bones, and whenever the clouds began to appear he made his virgin daughter turn the wheel—not "sunwise," which is the lucky way in India as it is here in the West, but against the course of the sun; and so great was the power of this charm—as these people believe—that the clouds always dispersed, and no rain fell. Nandi is a bull, and images of him may be seen at all the Ghats, for he is the *Wahan* of Siva. There are some very large figures of this bovine creature in India; these are, of course, old, and consequently very sacred.

The Parsee mode of disposing of the dead is peculiar, and differs widely from almost all known methods of the present day. The teaching of Zoroaster prohibited the defiling of fire, earth, or water; and on this account bodies cannot be burnt nor buried, nor even thrown into the water, as the Hindus are in the habit of doing with partly burned corpses. The result of these conditions is that the Parsees build a large tower called a "Dakhmā," with a grating all round the inside towards the top, and on this the bodies are laid, so that the birds can come and consume them. At Bombay the Parsee Dakhmās were constructed first on Malabar Hill—that was when there were few or no bungalows there; now that it is all built over with the better class of houses, these Towers of Silence are a nuisance, from the vultures and kites which frequent the place; and, unfortunately, they are now in very large numbers. A dead body disappears under their action in an incredibly short space of time, and often they fly away with pieces in their bills which are dropped into the gardens. In the Parsee funeral there is one interesting ceremony which takes place: one or more

dogs are kept at every Dakhmā, and the corpse must be looked at by them before being laid out on the tower. Learned authorities are agreed that this custom is connected in some way with the myth of Cerberos. In both cases the deceased has to come in contact with the dog in passing into the next world from this. In the Hindu mythology, Yama, the god of the dead, has two dogs, each having four eyes. It has long been desired that the Parsees should erect Towers of Silence at some distance from Bombay, but the ceremonies with the dead before being placed in the Dakhmās require to be all performed within a certain limited time, and this could not be done if the bodies had to be removed far away.

## REAR-ADMIRAL H. H. RAWSON, C.B.

The commanding officer of the punitive expedition against the King of Benin, Rear-Admiral Harry Holdsworth Rawson, C.B., has held the important post of Commander-in-Chief on the Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa station since May 1895. He was born in 1843, and entered the Navy when he was fourteen years old, seeing active service at the very outset of his career in the Chinese War of 1858-61. He was A.D.C. to Captain R. Dew, of the *Encounter*, throughout the operations of the year 1860, and was present



Photo Mauil and Fox, Piccadilly.  
REAR-ADMIRAL H. H. RAWSON, C.B.,  
COMMANDER OF THE PUNITIVE EXPEDITION TO BENIN.

at the capture of the Peiho forts, at the battle of Palikao, and the taking of Peking, winning the China medal and the Peking clasps. He was mentioned in despatches after the capture of Ning-Po and Fungwha, having for three months commanded a force of 1300 Chinese troops for the defence of Ning-Po against the rebels. A year later he gave further proof of his courage and presence of mind by jumping overboard in Shanghai river and saving the life of a marine on a dark night. In 1871 he was made Commander of the *Hercules*, a vessel of the Channel Squadron, and became a Captain six years later. In 1878 he earned the commendation of the Admiralty Commissioners with a lucid report on the defensive possibilities of the Suez Canal, and subsequently, after hoisting the British flag at Nicosia, the capital of Cyprus, remained there as Military Commandant for several weeks. In the Egyptian War of 1882 Captain Rawson was chief Transport Officer, and he was made a Rear-Admiral in 1892, after he had been A.D.C. to the Queen for two years. Since his appointment to be Commander-in-Chief on the Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa Station he has successfully conducted two important actions. In August 1895, less than three months after his arrival on the station, he captured M'Weli, the headquarters of the rebellious Arab chief Mburok, and in August last, it will be remembered, he conducted the bombardment of the Sultan's palace at Zanzibar and deposed the pretender. He was made a C.B. for services in Egypt, where he also won his Egyptian medal, the Khedive's Bronze Star, and the Osmanieh. He sailed last week for the Niger Protectorate on his flag-ship, *St. George*.

## THE SNOW-STORM.

A north-easterly wind, accompanied by snow, on Friday and Saturday caused much trouble at many places in the eastern counties and in Kent and Sussex; the steam-boats at Harwich, Dover, and Queenborough were delayed, and some railway-trains were blocked by snow-drifts. Several persons, walking on the moors, died of exposure to the cold. The piers at Tynemouth and Redcar and the sea-wall of Southwold were damaged by the sea. The cold did not anywhere exceed twelve degrees below the freezing-point, but the wind was very chilling, and the snow lay 2 ft. deep on the roads between Wimbledon and Epsom, but formed drifts from 6 ft. to 10 ft. deep in the hollows of the Chiltern Hills, so that the mail-carts were stopped for some hours. Vessels were driven ashore on the coasts of Yorkshire and Norfolk, but the crews were mostly rescued. At Sheringham, part of the cliff was torn away, with a new building recently added to the Crown Hotel, and with the garden of a neighbouring villa. It is feared that some fishing-boats have been lost, and that their men have perished.

## THE REBELLION IN CUBA.

The Spanish Captain-General and Governor, General Weyler, who set forth again on Jan. 19 from Havana to attack the Cuban rebels with a very large military force,

including fourteen squadrons of cavalry and several batteries of mountain-guns, reports to Madrid, by telegraph, that the bands of insurgents have been compelled to quit the provinces of Havana and Matanzas, retiring eastward; he is now marching after them towards the province of Santa Clara, where he hopes to encounter and defeat Maximo Gomez, with the main body of the enemy. If he can bring them to a pitched battle it is probable that he will gain a signal victory, for his army is greatly superior in numbers, in training, weapons, and equipment; but the guerrilla method of warfare may be prolonged for months. We do not understand that Pinar del Rio, the most westerly part of the island, is yet cleared of insurgents.

## MR. CECIL RHODES.

Public interest in the Jameson Raid is likely to be re-awakened by the return to England of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, late Resident Managing Director in Matabililand and Mashonaland of the Chartered Company of British South Africa, and late Prime Minister of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, who arrived on Saturday last at Tilbury Docks, on board the steam-ship *Dunvegan Castle*, with his brother, Colonel Frank Rhodes, late of Johannesburg, and with Mr. Alfred Beit, a late director of the British South Africa Company, also Mr. Rochfort Maguire, Dr. Rutherford Harris, its secretary, and Mr. Hawkesley, the solicitor, who had met Mr. Cecil Rhodes at Plymouth. They came to London, where Mr. Cecil Rhodes stayed at the Burlington Hotel, and next day he went to call upon the Duke of Abercorn, chairman of the Company, besides which he has also paid a visit to Dr. Jameson. It will be remembered that in the summer of last year, after the trouble in the Transvaal, Mr. Cecil Rhodes was in England only for a week or ten days, when he had an interview with Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and immediately returned to South Africa. He had a long interview with Mr. Chamberlain at the Colonial Office on Tuesday.

The departure of Mr. Cecil Rhodes from South Africa on Jan. 6, when he embarked at Capetown, was preceded by some emphatic demonstrations of approval and admiration on the part of his supporters in several towns of the Colony. At Port Elizabeth, on Christmas Eve, he was entertained by the local club at a banquet, and made a speech, claiming to have added to the British Empire a region 2000 miles long and 1000 miles wide. Two days later at Kimberley, the capital of the diamond-fields, he attended the annual meeting of the De Beers Mining Company, which is said to have paid £1,500,000 in dividends for the past year. On Dec. 30 he enjoyed an enthusiastic public reception at Capetown, where he was met by the Mayor, and his carriage was drawn by men of the Matabili Relief Corps through the streets, decorated with flags, to a triumphal stage erected on the Parade, and there an address of welcome was presented to him. He spoke again there at a public meeting on New Year's Day, and at a farewell banquet in the Drill-Hall on the eve of his departure. Meetings of Dutch inhabitants were held to protest against these demonstrations.

It is understood that the occasion which brings Mr. Cecil Rhodes to England at present is the call to appear before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, for which Mr. Chamberlain moved last week, "to inquire into the origin and circumstances of the incursion by an armed force into the South African Republic," and to inquire into the administration of the South Africa Company, and what alterations are desirable in the government of its territories.

AMONG THE RED DEER  
IN WINTER.

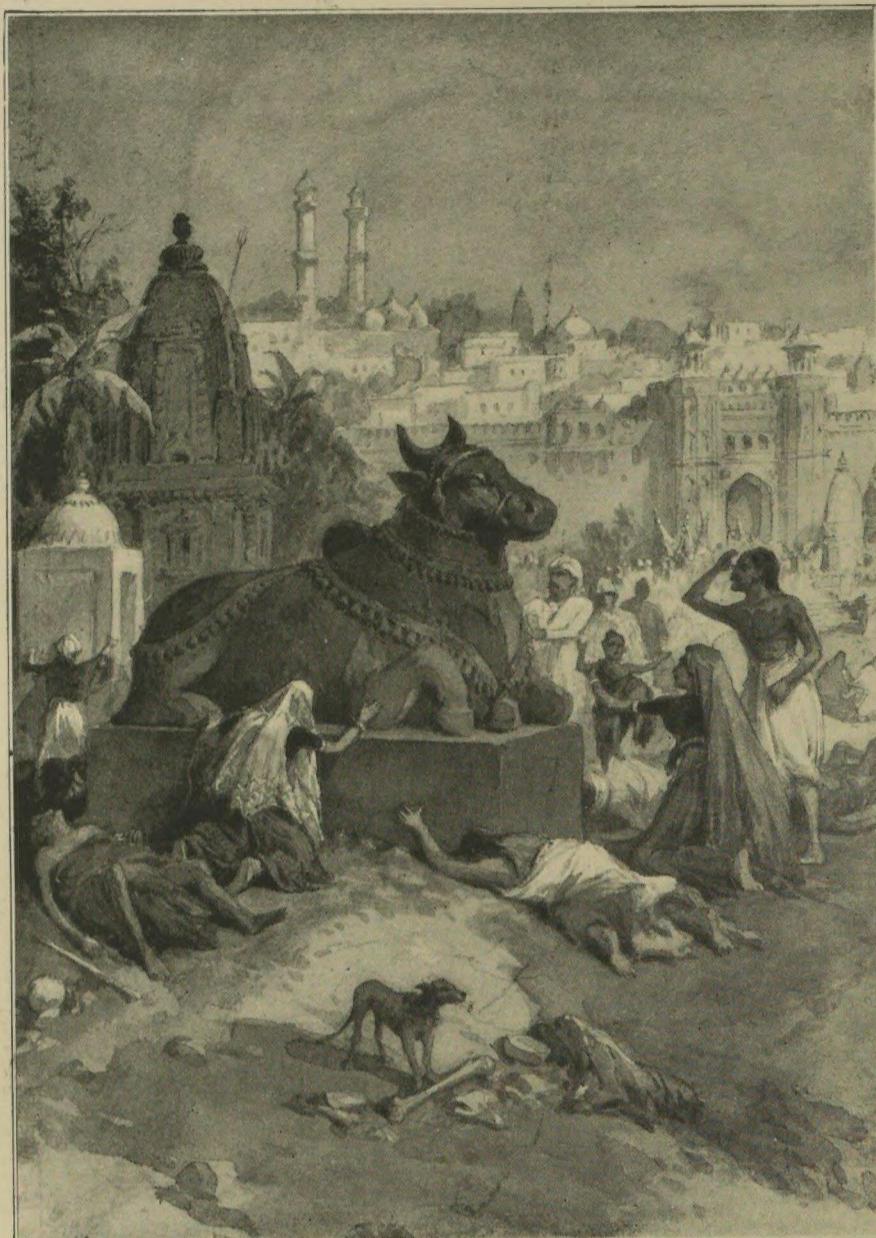
Possibly there is no wilder form of sport to be enjoyed within these islands than the shooting of the hinds in a Highland forest in midwinter, particularly if the weather is anything like wintry, with deep snow on the hills. At such a time and under such conditions, the sport is adventurous and exciting enough to satisfy the most exacting even of big-game hunters who have had red-letter days with the rifle in other lands; indeed, its votaries doubt if there is anything to beat the fascinating nature of the sport which hind-shooting affords, particularly when the sportsman has to contend his mightiest with the wild romantic terrors of a genuine Highland storm. The sport naturally requires a Herculean constitution, indomitable courage and perseverance, and what is perhaps a result of these conditions, a considerable dash of the bold, adventurous spirit. Adventure is, perhaps, the paramount feature in hind-shooting of the right sort, for no one can tell what an hour—much less a day—may bring forth in matters meteorological in the Scottish Highlands in midwinter. And to be caught in a Highland snowstorm, far removed, it may be, from the "shooting-box," or even a crofter's or a shepherd's sheiling, is an experience never to be forgotten by the fortunate adventurer who survives it.

The hind-shooter, accompanied by his experienced stalker, who knows every corrie of the forest and every mountain pass for miles around, and who invariably brings with him a trusty collie, sallies out in the early part of the day with hopes and keen anticipations. Dark clouds may threaten ominously, and the loud, long, and mournful moanings of the wind through the glens may suggest a retreat, but the trio plod onward and upward, for the deer appear to have gone off to another part of the forest to-day. At length, however, and just as a rain-storm is about to burst over the dark-blue mountain-tops, a herd of the ever-watchful hinds is discovered in the grassy hollow beyond and below. Favourably situated for a leisurely inspection of the unsuspecting beasts—thanks to the

stalking skill of faithful Donald, who knows his book by the long experience of many winters in those wild regions of the Far North—the sportsman takes deliberate and steady aim. A right and a left—two hinds prone—a reverberating series of echoes among the hill-tops—a confused troop of deer, and shortly a wild mad rush of haunch and hoof—and all is quiet again.

There have been many enjoyable hind-shoots this winter throughout the Highlands, but, fortunately, there have been no casualties from snowstorms or such-like—snow, so far, having been conspicuous by its absence this season, with the exception of such districts as include the higher mountains or Bens within their area, notably in Ross-shire. In such a winter as the present has as yet proved itself to be, the deer in the northern Highlands are not over-pressed for either food or shelter, and it is noticeable by sportsmen and naturalists that a mild wintering, if dry, is followed by a successful stalking season in the autumn, so far at least as haunches are concerned, and in many cases the antlers are believed to be correspondingly improved, in point of size and roughness of marking. In these circumstances, and given a favourable spring, there should be rejoicing in the hearts of sportsmen, who are even already on the look-out for deer forests for the coming autumn's sport in the wilder Highlands.

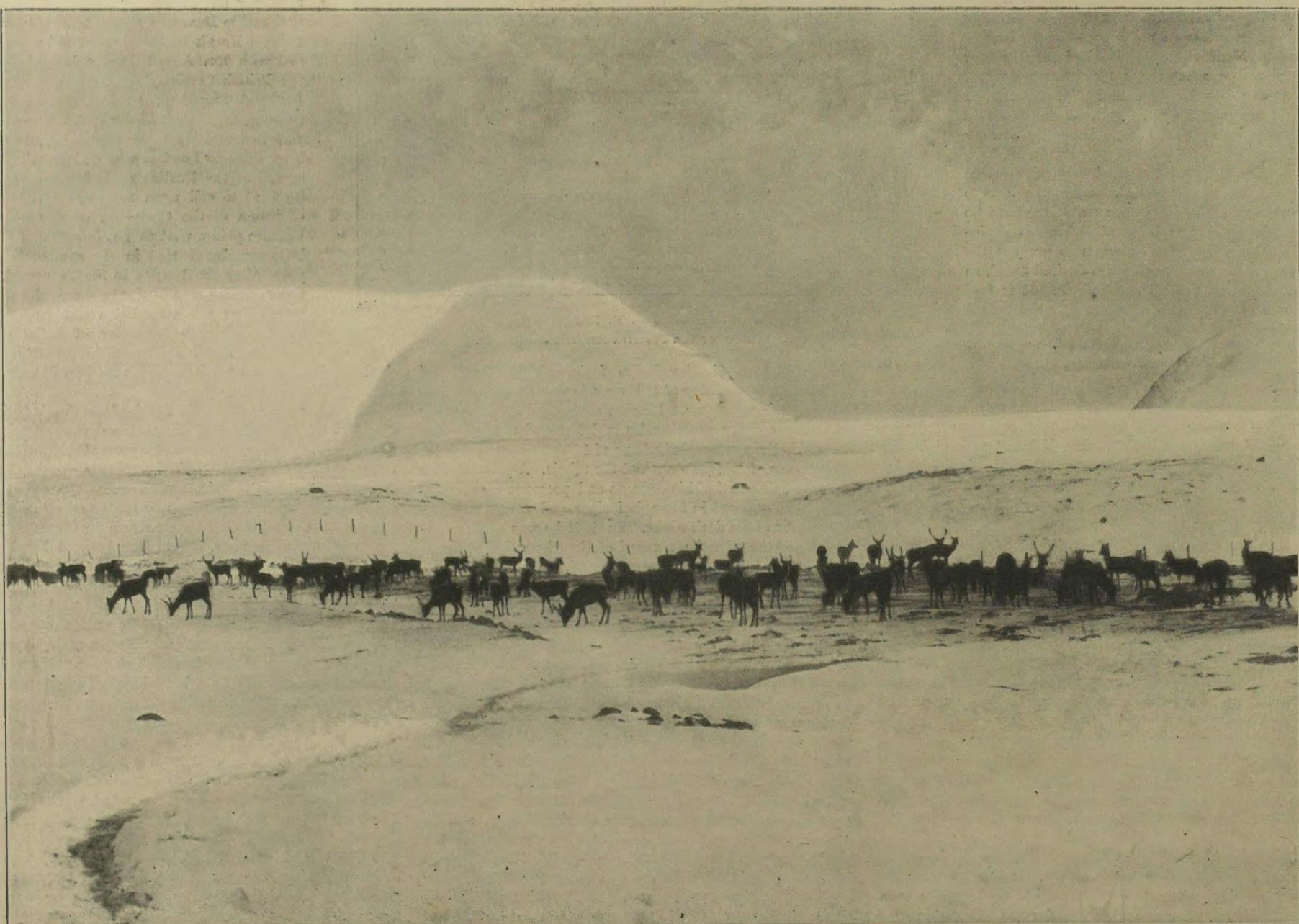
The red deer of the North are a most interesting study in winter time, when, if the weather is stormy, they can be seen at much closer quarters than at any other period of the year. But it is not to be imagined that, even in the wintriest weather, the deer are altogether tame, and it is certainly not often—if ever before—that a photographer has had the good piece of fortune to photograph, at tolerably close quarters, a roaming herd of over one hundred and fifty deer, both stags and hinds, as has fallen to the lot of that enterprising delineator of sporting subjects, Mr. John Munro, of Dingwall. In the reproduction of the photograph which we give this week, the deer number over a hundred, but in another group taken at the same time Mr. Munro succeeded in circumventing some fifty more.



FAMINE AND PLAGUE IN INDIA: SUPPLIANTS BEFORE THE SACRED BULL, NANDI.

BY WILLIAM SIMPSON, R.I.

*See "Our Illustrations."*



GROUP OF DEER IN A ROSS-SHIRE FOREST IN WINTER.

*From a Copyright Photograph by John Munro, Dingwall, N.B.*

## PERSONAL.

Count Michael Muravieff, the newly appointed Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, comes of a family which has played a prominent part in the life of Russia ever since it first asserted its ability and strength of character under Catherine II. Of the more recent members of the family one may recall the General Muravieff-Karski who took General Williams prisoner when Kars capitulated, and the Count Muravieff who, as Governor of Vilna and Polish Lithuania, four-and-thirty years ago, crushed the insurgent Poles into submission. The latter of these iron-willed soldiers was the grandfather of the present Count Michael, the new Minister, who was born in 1845. Educated at Poltava, and subsequently at Heidelberg, Count Michael Muravieff found his first appointment in the Diplomatic Service of his country at the German capital, where he became secretary to the Russian Embassy. After holding other offices, he went to Paris seventeen years ago as Councillor of the Russian Embassy, and some four years later returned to Berlin in the same capacity. More recently he has represented his country at the Danish Court. He has now left the Embassy at Copenhagen to visit Paris, where he will confer with President Faure and M. Hanotaux, after which he goes to Berlin, and probably also to Vienna.

Canon John Taylor Smith, who has been nominated to the Bishopric of Sierra Leone in succession to Bishop Ingram, is a native of Kendal, Westmorland. He received his training for holy orders at St. John's Hall, Highbury. Ordained in 1885, he was for six years Curate at St. Paul's Church, Upper Norwood, but in 1891 was appointed Sub-Dean of St. George's Cathedral, Sierra Leone, and Canon Missioner of the diocese. As Canon-Missioner he has visited Lagos, Abbeokuta, Ibadan, and the Gold Coast. He was chaplain to the troops during the last Ashanti Expedition, and marched with the Special Service Corps to Kumassi. He brought the last messages of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg back to England and delivered them personally to the Queen and the widowed Princess Beatrice at Osborne. In December last the Canon was appointed one of the honorary chaplains to the Queen. He is at present in Africa.

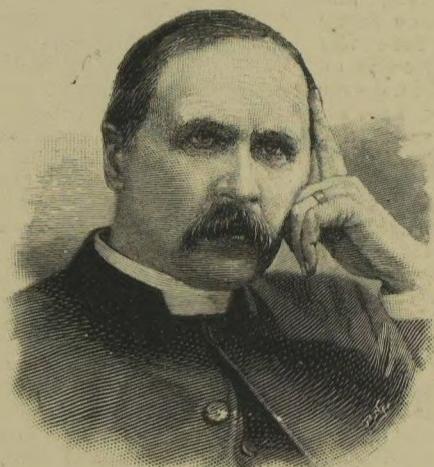
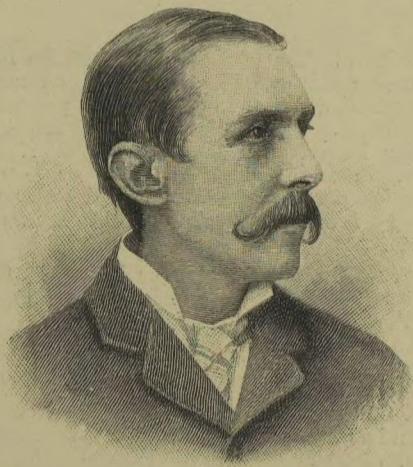


Photo Goodwin, Auerley Road.  
CANON TAYLOR SMITH,  
The New Bishop of Sierra Leone.



MR. THOMAS STOKER,  
Secretary to the Indian Famine Fund in India.

Mr. Thomas Stoker, who has been recalled to India while at home on leave in England, to fill the special post of Famine Secretary for the North-West Provinces, has spent just a quarter of a century in the Indian Civil Service. In the last famine he was placed in charge of a large district, and since then he has served the Government as a Settlement Officer, as Secretary of the North-West Provinces, and as Commissioner of Excise in the same territory. His extensive knowledge of the country is likely to stand him in good stead in the difficult position to which he has now been appointed. He is an Irishman, and a brother of Mr. Bram Stoker, Sir Henry Irving's well-known business manager at the Lyceum.

Lieutenant Frederick Lewis Dibblee is in command of the detachment of Royal Marine Artillery from Eastney which sailed with the rest of the force on board the *Malacca* on Saturday last, to take part in the punitive expedition to Benin. In this capacity Lieutenant Dibblee is one of the assistant officers to Captain Gervis Byrne, who commands the whole contingent on board the *Malacca*. Lieutenant Dibblee, who has not yet completed his twenty-fifth year, is considered a very promising young officer.

Mohsin Khan, who has been recently appointed by the Shah Muzaffer-eddin Minister for Foreign Affairs, is about sixty years of age. He has received a good European education, and speaks English and French fluently. After many years of service at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Teheran and at various Persian Embassies abroad, Mohsin Khan was sent by the late Shah, Nasr-eddin, as Ambassador to Constantinople. During the sixteen years of his office in the last capacity, he successfully preserved cordial and friendly relations between the two great Moslem empires. Three years ago Mohsin Khan was called back to Teheran to assume the post of the Minister of Justice.

Major Henry Edward McCallum, Royal Engineers, C.M.G., who has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Lagos, was born in 1852, and at seventeen entered the Royal Military Academy, from

which he afterwards passed out first, with the Pollock Gold Medal for distinguished proficiency. He proceeded to Chatham, for practical training in engineering, and, whilst there, was presented with the annual Fowke Medal for architectural ability. His first service in the corps was as Superintendent of Telegraphy in the Southern District, but he was soon transferred to the office of the Inspector-General of Fortifications, where he was employed in designing dépôt centres, under the Army Localisation scheme. In 1875 he was selected as private secretary by the Governor of the Straits Settlements, Sir William Jervois, and served for two years in that capacity. During that time he attended the Governor in various missions to the Native States of the Malay Peninsula, and was several times mentioned in despatches. On the departure of Sir William Jervois to Australia, Major McCallum proceeded to Hong-Kong, where, in

career for a soldier still several years under thirty. He passed into the Army from Eton, and was gazetted to the Scots Guards seven years ago. Two years ago last August his services were placed at the disposal of the Foreign Office for special duty in Uganda. He served on Major Cunningham's important expedition against Rabba Rega, and subsequently accompanied the same officer down the Nile to Dufleah, where no white man had then been seen since the abandonment of the position. During the next seven months Lieutenant Vandeleur served in three expeditions, and was enabled to survey the whole of Northern Unyoro from the course of the Victoria Nile and Lake Ibrahim to the Murchison Falls, and also a part of the Lango or Wakedi country. He was next sent to Southern Unyoro to attack the Arab-slavers, and surprised and captured the Arab station at Mwendas, with slaves. He next accompanied the punitive expedition to the Nandi country, where West and his followers were murdered. In November 1896, before the Royal Geographical Society, Lieutenant Vandeleur received a vote of thanks for his paper on two years' experience in Uganda-Unyoro and the Upper Nile, where he visited localities made famous by Speke, Grant and Baker, and had explored and mapped a great deal of country previously unknown.

Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley has resolved upon commemorating the "diamond" jubilee of her Majesty the Queen in characteristically generous fashion. He has set aside £15,000 per annum for the relief of the very aged poor, the infirm, and widows residing in his district—that is to say, in the neighbourhood of his residence, Risley Hall, near Derby. A town of ten thousand inhabitants is given the sum of £1000 a year; a place with a population of three thousand gets £300 a year; and so on in proportion. This princely dole is managed by committees chosen by Mr. Hooley, and comprising influential persons of all creeds, classes, and polities. No money payments are made, but orders upon tradesmen are given to all deserving cases. We trust that Mr. Hooley's benevolent example may find many imitators during this eventful jubilee year.



Photo Walery, Regent Street.  
MAJOR HENRY EDWARD McCALLUM, C.M.G.,  
Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Lagos.



Photo Russell and Sons, Southsea.  
LIEUTENANT F. L. DIBBLEE,  
of the Benin Punitive Expedition.

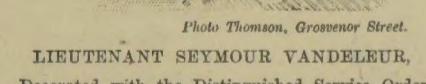


Photo Thomson, Grosvenor Street.  
LIEUTENANT SEYMOUR VANDELEUR,  
Decorated with the Distinguished Service Order.

father, General Macintyre, is an old veteran, and one of the most kindly of men. He is to be seen in Inverness and Fortrose, and always in the garb of old Gaul.

The Promenade Concert on Saturday, Jan. 23, was one of Mr. Henry Wood's more modest triumphs. His playing of the overture to "Tannhäuser" literally blazed with fire and inspiration. By a London band under an English conductor, such a performance has probably never before been heard. Those elegant Moszkowsky pianoforte duets, "From Foreign Parts," were played by a full orchestra, and the evening was generally diversified by an agreeable programme.

King Prempeh has been deported from Ashanti to Sierra Leone, where he seems to be very comfortable. He was unhappy when he went on board the steamer, but soon settled down to enjoyment of the spirituous liquors, especially the Benedictine. The vendors of that fascinating liqueur ought now to append to their advertisements, "as drunk by King Prempeh." The Colonial authorities might take the hint, and use Benedictine as an instrument of diplomatic dealing with African potentates. As the liqueur is made by monks, the monarchs would probably prefer this method of absorbing Christianity.

Mrs. Nansen, who will accompany her distinguished husband on his English lecturing tour, has received an invitation to sing before the Queen. The explorer is likely to have the most stirring welcome ever accorded in this country to any Arctic traveller. More than that, his visit will be profitable in a pecuniary sense, as he is to deliver about forty lectures at (it is said) a hundred pounds each.

M. Tissot has not gone into a monastery after all. He is painting in Paris—a piece of news which must be a considerable relief to most of his admirers. Retirement to a

addition to his ordinary duties, he was appointed Superintending Engineer under the Admiralty.

In 1878 Major McCallum was sent to Singapore to direct the defensive arrangements of that port, and two years later he was appointed Deputy-Colonial Engineer at the Straits Settlements. In 1884 he was promoted to the post of Colonial Engineer and Surveyor-General, and a year later was appointed by the War Office to construct the fortifications of Singapore, where he earned the honour of C.M.G. Six years ago Major McCallum was sent to Pahang, in the Malay Peninsula, to suppress the outbreak in that State, and for the last nine years he has been Commandant of the Singapore Volunteer Artillery.

Lieutenant Seymour Vandeleur, upon whom the Queen recently bestowed the Distinguished Service Order in recognition of his gallant conduct against Arab slave-traders in the Uganda Protectorate, has had an active

monastery is not conducive to the practice of art. There was once a great artist who made frescoes on monastery walls, and scandalised the monks by representing human beings in their habits as they lived. He was ordered to paint angels instead. It would be distressing for some such penalty to befall M. Tissot.

Mr. Healy is again in arms. The majority of the Irish party, at the instance of Mr. Davitt, adopted a resolution designed to assert the supremacy of one undivided organisation and of the chairman, who happens to be Mr. Dillon. Mr. Healy prefers to have a party of his own, and will not submit to the resolution. Thus the traditions of Committee-Room Number 15 are agreeably prolonged and embellished.

The Bethesda choir, composed of miners from the Penrhyn slate quarries, has made a great impression in London. It is a pity that Lord Penrhyn, who is engaged in a serious struggle with his miners, does not organise a Welsh choir of his own to counteract his rivals.

Mrs. Hungerford, the popular author of "Molly Bawn" and innumerable other novels, died on Sunday last of typhoid fever. Mrs. Hungerford was the wife of Mr. Thomas Henry Hungerford, of St. Brendon's, Bandon, County Cork, and the daughter of the late Rev. Canon Hamilton, Rector and Vicar-Choral of St. Faughnan's Cathedral, Ross Carbery, County Cork, one of the oldest churches in

Ireland. Her literary gifts originated in herself, and were noticeable even in her childhood, when she was wont to write little stories for the amusement of her school-fellows. At the age of sixteen she set herself seriously—or, rather, gaily—to adopt the profession of novel-writing, wherein she had so successful a career. Her first work, "Phyllis," written at the age of eighteen, was brought before the notice of Mr. James Payn, who at once pronounced favourably of its merits, and advised Messrs. Smith and Elder to accept it. The style was so fresh and original that the book speedily became popular with the public and passed into many editions. "Molly Bawn" soon followed, and obtained even greater favour; and was succeeded in later years by about forty other works, among which perhaps the most prominent are "Undercurrents," "Mrs. Geoffrey," "Portia," "A Life's Remorse," "The Three Graces," "The Professor's Experiment," and "A Point of Conscience."

All Mrs. Hungerford's books are characterised by a certain gaiety and native Irish humour. One of her creations, the delightful old butler Murphy in "A Born Coquette," is not unworthy of her compatriot Charles Lever. Not that she devoted herself entirely to mirth-moving situations. Many of her love-scenes have a very pretty delicacy, and she could on occasion sound a true note of pathos.

The late Mr. George Garden Nicol will be remembered as one of the originators of the Eastern and Eastern Extension Submarine Telegraph Companies, of which he was also for many years a director. He had a great knowledge of banking and of finance generally, and for more than forty years was a director of the London Joint Stock Bank, the North British Insurance Company, and the Chartered and Mercantile Bank of India, London, and China. Mr. Nicol outlived one of his chief associates in the foundation of the Eastern Submarine Telegraph Companies, Sir John Pender, by less than a year.

The Empress Eugénie has been visiting Paris, renewing old associations, most of them, we fear, very sad. Paris has forgotten its animosity against the one living representative of the Second Empire. It is related that President Faure, in appointing a detective to attend the Empress as a friendly precaution, was careful to select a Corsican who had served under the Napoleonic dynasty. This is a courtesy for which the President, let us hope, will not be assailed by the magnanimous Henri Rochefort.

Sir Hubert Jerningham is now on his way home, but will only make a brief stay in England before going out to embark upon the duties of his new position as Governor of Trinidad.

A military veteran of long and active service has passed away in the person of General the Hon. Sir St. George Gerald Foley, K.C.B., who died on Monday last at the age of eighty-two. A son of the third Baron Foley by his marriage with Lady Cecilia Fitzgerald, daughter of the Duke of Leinster, he entered the Army in 1832, and was Assistant-Commissioner with the French army in the

Crimea, taking part in the battles of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, and in the siege of Sebastopol. His conduct throughout this period won him sundry decorations. From 1857 to 1861 he was in China, first as Military Secretary to the Force and subsequently as British Commissioner, and commanded a squadron of artillery in the capture of the Taku Forts. He was Military Attaché at Vienna for a year, and acted as Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey for some five years from 1874. He was raised to the rank of General in 1881. One of his sons, Mr. Henry Foley, is Lord Salisbury's assistant private secretary at the Foreign Office, and another will be remembered as one of the members of the Jameson expedition acquitted at Bow Street.

The name of Cardinal San Felice di Acquavella, Archbishop of Naples, who died recently at the age of sixty-two, will linger long in the memory of Neapolitans and of strangers who happened to be in Naples either during the terrible cholera year or in the days of disaster wrought by the Casamicciola earthquake, for in the distress attendant upon both calamities, the Archbishop was

fearless and untiring in his toil on behalf of the sufferers. He was made a Cardinal thirteen years ago.

The German official Press is staggered by the discovery in the new Blue-book of Eastern affairs that Lord Salisbury has persuaded Russia to abandon her objection to the principle of the coercion of Turkey. As the Germans have been led to believe that England was completely isolated and of no account in the Eastern Question, this revelation is extremely awkward for the so-called leaders of the so-called public opinion of Germany.

The Prince and Princess of Naples, whose marriage aroused a good deal of interest last October, will visit England in the coming summer, in order to represent the King and Queen of Italy at the commemoration of her Majesty's attainment of the longest reign in English history. They will reside at Buckingham Palace during their stay in town, and will subsequently pay a visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle and make a tour of the United Kingdom before returning to Italy.

Official confirmation has now been received of the bloodthirsty massacre of all the Europeans of the Benin Expedition except Captain Boisragon and Mr. Locke, who escaped, and Mr. Powis and Mr. Gordon, whose fate is not definitely known. Mr. Powis is reported to have been taken prisoner instead of being killed with his comrades, but there is small reason to hope that his life has been spared.

Both he and Mr. Gordon had considerable knowledge of the country, and of the Benin language, owing to their long residence

on the coast as agents of Messrs. Alexander Miller and Co. and of the African Association respectively, so that it is just possible that they may have managed to treat with their cruel captors, but even in such a case it is feared that their fate may have been more terrible than the sudden death of their fellows.

The post of Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, which has been given to Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, is considered one of the highest honours of the naval service, not only for its own importance, but because the Queen reserves to herself the chief voice in the nomination of its occupant, by reason of constant communication between Portsmouth and the royal residence at Osborne.

Dr. Profeit, who has been her Majesty's Commissioner at Balmoral for the past twenty years, has now been compelled by ill-health to retire from his duties. His successor is to be Mr. James Forbes, who has for some time been Assistant Commissioner on the Duke of Buccleuch's estate.

Madame Edith Wynne, the well-known soprano vocalist, who died on Sunday last at the comparatively early age of fifty-four, was fortunate in the attainment of royal recognition such as only a small circle of singers can boast, for she took part in four State concerts at Buckingham Palace, and once sang before the Queen at Windsor by special command. Madame Wynne's fine voice, which she used with admirable

effect, was trained by Mr. Scarisbrook, of Liverpool, and in 1864 she made her Metropolitan début at the Crystal Palace. Thereafter she sang at the Bristol, Birmingham, Hereford, Leeds, Gloucester, and other Festivals, and was also heard on the concert platform in the United States, where she sang in the Boston Handel Festival of 1873. She appeared at Drury Lane Theatre in the tercentenary performances of Shakspere's "Henry IV." She formally retired from the concert platform in 1888, but was heard in public on a few subsequent occasions.

The post of Naval Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, rendered vacant by the retirement of Captain John Ingles, has been filled by the appointment of Captain Lord Charles Beresford.

May a millionaire spend ten thousand pounds on a ball? This question seems to be agitating many people in New York. The millionaire in question is denounced for thrusting this ostentatious display of luxurious living on a population which includes many persons in a state of destitution. The millionaire might retort that he would gladly keep his ball quite private if the newspaper reporters would allow it. Besides, considering what America cheerfully tolerates in the shape of plutocratic display, it seems rather irrational to make such a fuss over a ball.

The Hon. Charles Arthur Roe, C.S., Chief Justice of the Chief Court of the Punjab, whose knighthood was one of the New Year's honours, is a son of the late Mr. John Banister Roe, of The Old House, Blandford, and was born in 1841. He graduated at Oxford, where he gained a "Post-mastership" at Merton College and the Boden University Scholarship for Sanscrit. In 1863 he passed into the Indian Civil Service, and for thirty-four years he worked assiduously in the Punjab. For the last nine years he has been a Judge of the Chief Court, Lahore, where he became senior Judge on the retirement of Sir Meredyth Plowden. Sir Charles Roe has written and compiled many well-known treatises on Punjab law, his last work on "The Tribal Law of the Punjab," written in collaboration with Sir William Rattigan, being considered a particularly important contribution to Indian jurisprudence. A year ago Sir Charles Roe was appointed Vice-Chancellor of the Punjab University, Lahore.

Sir Henry Irving has now a comrade in affliction in the person of Mr. Ascroft, the popular member for Oldham, who is invalided by an accident as trivial in its origin as that which closed the Lyceum a few weeks back. While staying at Salisbury to help the Conservative candidate for the forthcoming election, Mr. Allhusen, Mr. Ascroft slipped in his hotel, and broke his left arm in two places, and has since been confined to his room.

Mr. Gordon had considerable knowledge of the country, and of the Benin language, owing to their long residence

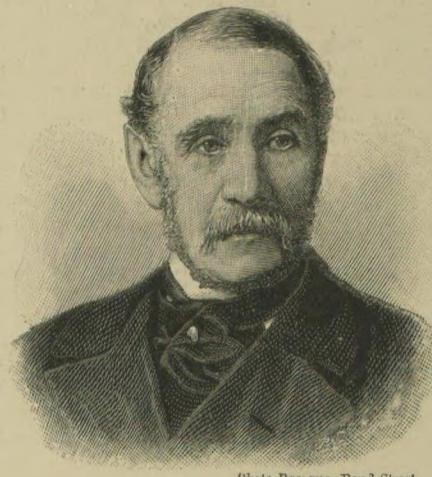


Photo Bassano, Bond Street.  
THE LATE GENERAL SIR ST. GEORGE FOLEY, K.C.B.



THE LATE MADAME EDITH WYNNE.



Photo Montabone, Naples.  
THE LATE CARDINAL SAN FELICE DI ACQUAVELLA.



Photo Johnston and Hoffmann.  
SIR C. ARTHUR ROE.



Photo Weston, Newgate Street.  
MR. T. POWIS.

Mr. Gordon had considerable knowledge of the country, and of the Benin language, owing to their long residence



Photo G. J. and Co., Cork.  
THE LATE MRS. HUNGERFORD.

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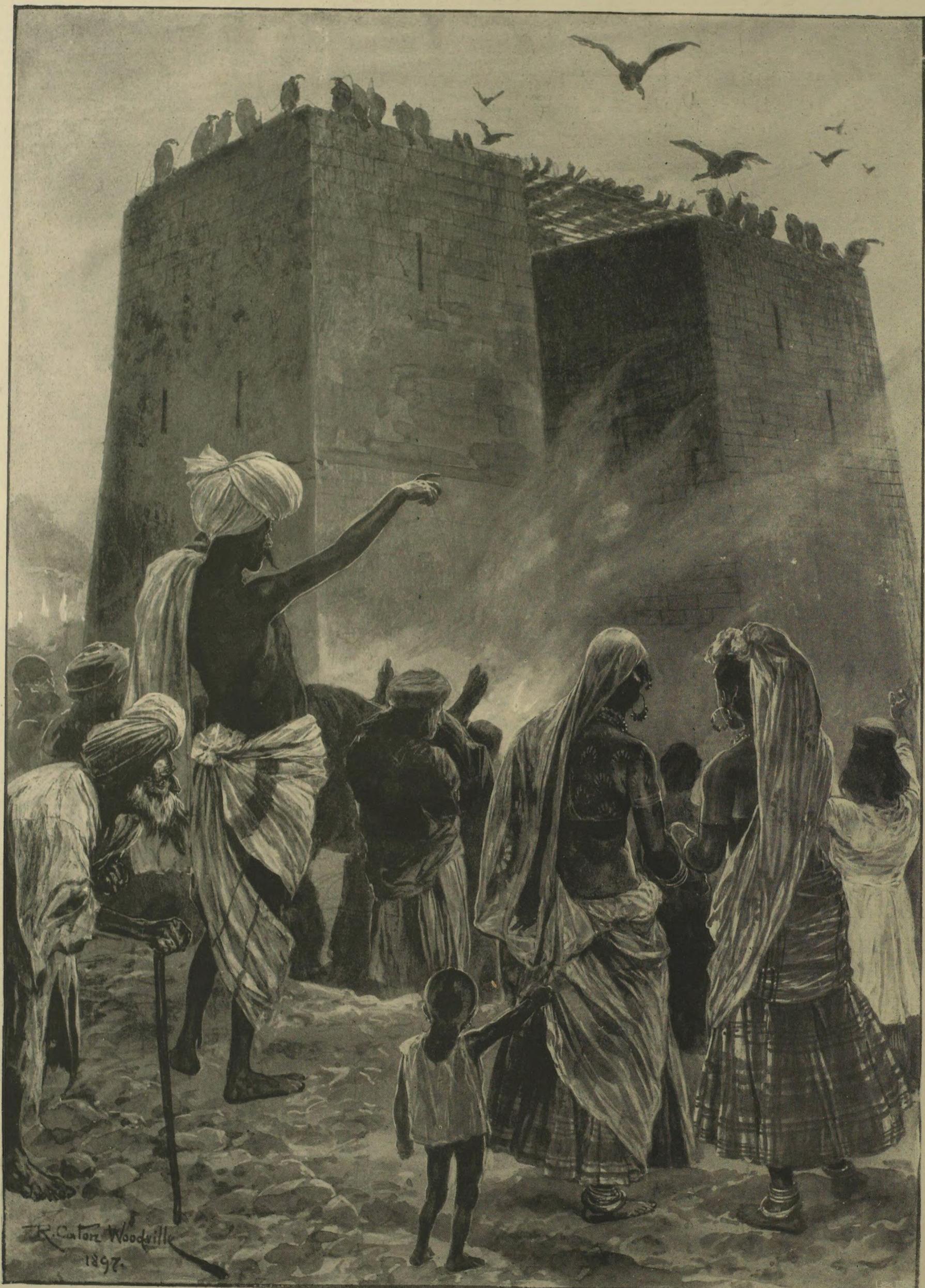
Photo G. J. and Co., Cork.

THE LATE MRS. HUNGERFORD.

Photo G. J. and Co., Cork.

THE LATE MRS. HUNGERFORD.





A PARSEE FUNERAL.

By R. Caton Woodville, R.A.

# A FOUNTAIN SEALED

BY  
SIR WALTER BESANT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. G. BURGESS.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE OPINIONS OF A  
GENTLEMAN.

Every woman is at heart a match-maker. This proposition is generally advanced as an accusation or charge against the sex. On the contrary, it should be considered as a part of the eulogy which must be pronounced on women by every candid man. For, that every woman should be a match-maker proves the natural kindness of her heart, and that in spite of the (so-called) feminine jealousies commonly attributed to her. Nothing is more desired, or more desirable, by a woman than love: all her instincts lead her to desire love: it is love that raises weak woman to be mistress instead of servant: nay, it is love that makes her a willing and happy servant, though the mistress: it is love that distinguishes and glorifies her: it is love that makes her live by the work of other hands not her own: it is love that gives her more than the full share of her lover's good fortune, and enables her to mitigate and console him in adversity: it is love that removes from her the loneliness of the soul apart: finally, it is love, and love alone—even past love—which lifts her out of the apparent insignificance of her lot.

Every woman knows this: if every woman, knowing this, desires that another woman should be loved as well as herself, then must every woman's heart be truly soft and kind, and anxious for the general happiness.

My cousin was no exception to the rule. She assumed from the outset that love brought these two gentlemen to visit us. Why else should they come? "My dear," said Isabel; "one of them is in love with a certain person. Of that we may be assured. The other comes, I suppose—unless he, too, is in love—to lend support and countenance."

"I do not know," I replied, being as yet unmoved. "They make no signs of love. What is a woman to do whose lover, if there is one, makes no sign?"

"I cannot tell which it is"—we were still at the outset. "Nothing astonishes me more than this difficulty. Sometimes I think it is one: sometimes I think it is the other. I have seen the elder brother gazing upon you the whole evening through: the next day, perhaps, it is the younger. However, let us have patience. The flame will break out before long. Meantime let us attend, my dear, with even greater solicitude, to our ribbons and our rags."

It is not difficult to study the mode when one lives in St. James's: one has but to walk down the street, which is filled all day with fine people: or in St. James's Park: or in the Green Park; to see how the ladies of fashion dress and rouge and patch.

"We are by right but City Madams," said Isabel. "We ought to be living within the sound of Bow Bells: yet we can show as well as any how a fine woman may set off her charms. And as for charms, my Nancy, what can they display at Court—in face or figure—finer than a certain person, who shall be nameless?"

At first this kind of talk shamed me. Was, I asked, a woman to be praised according to her points, like a horse or a dog? Did love mean nothing more than admiration of these points?

"Nay," said my wise cousin. "We have Nature behind us, and before us, and within us always. We build upon Nature. Dress, for instance, keeps us warm, but we do not wrap ourselves in a blanket: we build the structure called Fashion upon that blanket. Love begins with the attraction of beauty, but with civilised beings it doth not end there. My husband once owned that first he loved me for my face, which he was pleased to admire; but

afterwards he found other things—those which belong to the understanding—which he also admired. Yet a lovely face must ever give a woman the highest advantage. Do not despise Nature, my dear."

I understand, now, that she was right. After all, it is easy for a girl to be reconciled to the rulings of nature when she has been endowed with what men call charms.

"A man, in a word," Isabel continued, "is first caught by a face and afterwards fixed—if ever he can be fixed—by the heart, or the mind, or the capability, or some other charm, real or imaginary, of which the world knows nothing. Thus fixed, it is for life. My dear, the only man a woman of sensibility as well as beauty has to fear is the dull man—the stupid man—who cannot understand more than what he sees, and, when he tires of one face, flies off to another. Now let us go back to where we began, that is, our ribbons and our rags."

Every one will believe me, I am sure, when I confess that, although a Quakeress by breeding, I quickly discovered how great a pleasure may be found in considering dress and fashion: stuffs and shape: trimmings and ribbons: to sit in a shop and have spread out before you dazzling things in flowered silks, satin, brocade, or velvet: to imagine a frock glorified with ribbons, lace, and trimmings: to choose: to order: to try on before a long glass: I confess that to my newly awakened sense it was enchanting. Every woman will understand me. But let no man, except those of the Society, blame me: let him try to understand that a woman's dress is far more to her than his own can be to him: to the latter it is always, more or less, his working dress, like the leather apron of the blacksmith; the sign of his occupation, like the red cap of the brewer, or the brown paper cap of the carpenter: or his fighting dress, like the cuirass and the helmet. In a woman dress is never intended for work but for adornment: in youth it proclaims, and enshrines, and sets off the newly blossomed flower of her beauty: and in age it conceals, as well as it can, the decay and final disappearance of beauty. It also proclaims her wealth and her rank. To be sure I had no rank,

yet my cousin dressed me as fine as any countess, and when we walked in the park the other women stared at us with the rudeness of envy, or the equal rudeness of curiosity. Even the highest rank, I have learned by this experience, does not always confer good breeding. It is not well bred, even for a duchess, to stare after a new comer with the air of asking what right she has to appear among a well-dressed company, herself well dressed. I am not therefore ashamed to confess that during this period I spent much time



Many times we walked with them, Sir George beside me, and Edward with Isabel.

standing before the mirror, or sitting at the counter of the mercer's shop.

"Cousin," I said, "what if my brother should see me now?" 'Twas when my first really fine frock came home, and I stood in grandeur, hoop and all, ready to sally forth into the park.

"Quakeress!" she laughed, speaking in the old style. "Will she still be thinking about thy brother? Thee are but a goose. I do not think that someone will ever suffer thee to go back to him."

Did I, then, lay myself out, consciously, to attract and captivate a man, like the woman in the Book of Proverbs? Nay: that can I never confess. Sure I am that if any woman should read this page, she will forgive me for wishing to appear becomingly dressed.

These friends of ours called upon us a second time, and a third time, and again and again: they made excuses for calling: they brought presents—an engraving for my cousin: some fine silver-work from India for me: a book, because we loved books—always something new. Of course when they had offered their gifts, they sat down and talked. After a week or two, they came every day, either in the morning or in the evening.

In August the fashionable part of town is empty. The great people come up from the country in January and leave in June. The park is therefore nearly empty during that month. Sometimes we walked with our friends in the deserted paths of St. James's Park: sometimes we saw the soldiers exercising in the Green Park: sometimes we watched the Trooping of the Colour at St. James's Palace. Many times as we walked with them, Sir George beside me, and Edward with Isabel, hats were taken off and people gazed upon us curiously, especially upon me. "They are, I suppose," he would say carelessly, "acquaintances of mine. A great many people know me. Not everybody. Yet they gaze upon you, Miss Nancy, for very good reasons which I need not explain."

Meantime, I could no longer disguise from myself the knowledge that Sir George came to see me, and that the brother came simply to accompany him. And it was manifest that the younger brother's deference to the elder was always most marked and unusual. On the other hand, Sir George accepted this deference as if it were his due—yet not arrogantly.

I have told you that Sir George was a young man of singularly fine appearance. Let me talk about him again. His large and open face showed the nobility of his soul: honour, truth, loyalty, bravery, were stamped upon it; his eyes were always full of light, and—oh! to think of it!—I have seen them full of love and tenderness. He wore his hair powdered and tied behind in a bow of black ribbon; his gold lace, his gold buckles, were of the finest; his dress was that of a rich young man. In his speech he was rapid, but authoritative; his voice was musical and sweet.

In his manner he was extremely affable: he wore habitually the gracious smile that belongs to a good heart. I have since learned that he could be peremptory, and even harsh on occasions: as when his orders were not obeyed. For myself, I cannot understand how he could ever be harsh. The mere look of reproach in those eyes, always so kindly, would have made me sink into the earth.

It is a pleasure for me to recall some of the opinions and judgments which he delivered in my presence; and, indeed, addressed chiefly to myself. And since it is interesting to the world to know what were the private sentiments and the opinions of a great man in his younger days, while still a (comparatively) private person, I propose to pause in my story in order to set down some of those which I remember. There are times when I seem to remember every word that he ever said: there are other times (those of depression) when many of his words seem to escape me. His opinions may have been founded on imperfect knowledge: but they were always such as a noble mind would form and hold.

Sometimes we read poetry, but neither of the brothers cared greatly for verse: they were not open to the influence of the Muse: they were not moved by poetry, though my cousin read, or declaimed, as well as any actress. When I ventured to remonstrate with Sir George on this apparent insensibility, "If I were a woman," he said, "I should read poetry. Men act, women look on: they like to hear, if they cannot see, how a thing is done. The poet fights the battle over again for their instruction."

"But, Sir," I ventured to say, "the actors are few, the spectators are many, and they are not all women."

"Let us say, then, that poets write not for men of action. That is to say, not for kings and princes; generals and admirals, statesmen, lawmakers, judges, bishops, divines. See how large a number are excluded, for these are the men of action, who care little how a thing is described so that it is done well. For myself, it is possible that I, too, shall be numbered hereafter among those who act. Do you think that I shall concern myself about the gentry who are trying to make *crown rhyme to frown*? It is a necessary condition imposed upon the man who acts that he should be the prey of the man who writes. Poets eulogise the men who are successful. They are the slanderers of the men who are defeated. Miss Nancy, the poets do not write for the leaders, but for those who are led: they write, I say, for the spectators: for the herd: for the people who obey, and for the women who look on. For my part, I cannot for the life of me understand the

admiration with which the world regards the poets, or the vanity with which they regard themselves."

"Does not their vanity spring from the world's admiration?" I ventured to ask. "If we did not admire and love their works they would not be vain?"

"Yet—what is it we admire? A feat of arms finely described: yet, Miss Nancy, the feat of arms is neither better nor worse for the description. The poet does not make it. He only talks about it."

"He makes kings immortal, Sir. Who would know, after all these years, anything of the Siege of Troy but for Homer's Epic and Pope's Translation?"

"A general or a prince should so live that he should carve his name himself in immortal granite never to be forgotten. I hear that they accuse the King of neglecting poets. What should he do for them? If they are good poets they become so without the King's help. Why should the King encourage them? Elizabeth did not encourage Shakspere, who got on very well, I believe, without her support. Kings must encourage the soldiers who defend the nation and extend her glory: and statesmen who administrate the country: and merchants who increase her wealth: and scholars who preserve her religion: but poets! Let those for whom the poets write maintain the poets. Therefore, Miss Nancy, I prefer those who make the history of the world: that is, the Kings who rule: to the men who write verses upon them."

"But, Sir," I said, "there are other poets besides those who write epics. There are pastoral poets, religious poets: those who write love poems: those who write drinking songs: satirists—"

"There, indeed," he said, "I congratulate you, Miss Nancy. The pastoral poets talk about the warblers in the bosky grove and the enamelled lawns. When I walk in my gardens at Kew I see the flowers and I hear the birds. It would make me no happier if I could repeat dozens of rhymes upon them. As for drinking songs, you would not like my brother to troll out in this room some low sailor's drinking song: and as for satire, it is, truly, a fine thing to invent lies and to take away another man's character. Of love-songs, however, I must speak with respect, because my father, who loved the arts of every kind, wrote at least two. One, which I remember, was addressed to his mistress—that is, his wife."

We begged him to recite it.

"I would rather sing it for you," he replied.

This was a new discovery. He could touch the harpsichord and sing. His voice, I have already said, was musical: it was also true to time and tune. The words, which I took down, were as follows. I give the best—which were the first two verses and the last—

*'Tis not the liquid brightness of thine eyes,  
That swim with pleasure and delight,  
Nor those two heavenly arches which arise  
O'er each of them to shade their light.  
  
'Tis not that hair which plays with every wind,  
And loves to wanton round thy face:  
Now straying round the forehead, now behind,  
Retiring with insidious grace.  
  
No: 'tis that gentleness of mind, that love  
So kindly answering my desire;  
That grace with which you look and speak and move  
That thus has set my soul on fire.*

After this he often sang to us. "At home," he said, "when I sing, they all fall into ecstasies. Sure never was heard so fine a singer! Never was heard so fine a voice! From your lips, dear ladies, alone can I learn the truth and have my faults corrected, and so improve. If singing is a trifle worth doing, it is worth taking trouble about." My cousin had told him that he hissed his consonants too much, and ran words together which should be separate. "Nay—but, indeed, I thank you for your criticisms. Perhaps another evening I may prove that I have laid your instructions to heart."

Of books and authors he entertained as poor an opinion as of poets. "If a gentleman chooses," he said, "to entertain the world with his thoughts, I suppose he may do so, though it would be more dignified to communicate them to his private friends only, as many learned scholars and wits prefer to do. But as for these ragged fellows who hang about booksellers' shops; write vile pamphlets on either side for money; sell their pens to all comers; praise or slander according to pay, and supply whatever is wanted at a guinea a sheet—this, I hear, is the rule—why, I think such a trade most contemptible and most hateful."

"But," I said, "authors move the world through the imagination, either by a play, or a poem, or a romance."

"Why, if so, how is your author better than a buffoon who makes the people laugh? He is but a Jack Pudding and a Merry Andrew at best. If we condescend to laugh at such a fellow we despise him still. Pitiful trade, to make idle people laugh or cry! But perhaps there are people who do not think so. Otherwise no one would be proud to take up the trade."

I submitted with humility that many of these authors wrote with a serious intention, for the promotion of Virtue. And I instanced that remarkable work, "Clarissa," by the ingenious Mr. Samuel Richardson.

"I have heard of the book," he said: "I doubt, however, whether virtue can be advanced by the delineation of

vice or the contemplation of virtue brought to ruin. Besides, this advocacy of virtue belongs to Divines and to religion. Tell me, Miss Nancy, if the Gospel, which contains the Word of God, fails to inculcate virtue, can we expect success from a printer of Fleet Street?"

He would, in fact, admit only as worthy of encouragement, books of instruction, such as works on agriculture, inventions, medicine, surgery, arts and crafts, and the like. Much reading, he thought, made a man rely on books more than upon himself. "Consider a gardener," he said. "I dare swear that none of my gardeners know how to read. Yet, what a vast field of knowledge belongs to them: they know the trees and the flowers and the roots and the vegetables, with everything belonging to them: each kind of tree, and how it lives and flourishes: its soil: its health and diseases. They know all the birds and their customs: there is no end to the knowledge of a gardener. What book can teach this knowledge?"

One must confess that this kind of knowledge cannot be imparted by books.

"As for me," he went on, "I find that I learn best if I learn by the word of mouth. Whether it is in the art of war or the art of government, I do not care to read so much as to listen: then I turn over in my mind what I have heard, and there it sticks. How much better is this than the printed book, where one always sees the peacock author strutting about and crying, 'Hear me! Behold me! See these fine feathers! How clever I am!'"

Such were his opinions on poets and authors. He did not advance them with the diffidence that one finds in most young men: such diffidence, for instance, as is due to the presence of older or more experienced persons: such diffidence as one acquires by frequenting places where men congregate: as the halls and common rooms of colleges; coffee-houses and taverns. This young man spoke as if he had been encouraged to think his own opinions of the greatest importance: this, indeed, as you will presently understand, was the case.

His opinions, again, were such as one would expect of a young man living out of the world: that is to say, apart from the folk who do the work and are anxious about their daily bread. His views of human nature were not based on a sufficiently wide observation. Yet they were remarkable, you will own, for their sound justice.

We spoke of plays. I mentioned that I knew them only by reading, for I had never been to the theatre.

"A play," he said, "is the representation of history or fable by action accompanied by dialogue proper to the situation. If you only read a play you have to imagine a succession of situations, which continually change as they follow the course of the story. I confess that my own imagination is too dull and the effort is too great for this. If you will permit me to accompany you to the play you will see a thousand beauties in the story which you never guessed by reading."

I said that in my youth I was taught that the theatre is the house of the devil.

"Why," he replied, "so is this house, and every house, unless we keep him out. Miss Nancy's face would frighten him even out of the playhouse."

"But," said my cousin, "I have always understood that vice is open and unrestrained at the playhouse. How can a gentlewoman venture into such a place?"

"At first," he replied, "you will wonder what a gentlewoman has to do in such a place: you will see the people fighting in the gallery, brawling in the pit, the fellows staring at the pretty women in the boxes, the painted Jezebels laughing loud and staring at the men, the footmen in their gallery whistling and calling and bawling, the music making noise enough to crack your ears, and the orange-girls shrieking above all. But as soon as the piece begins you forget all that offended you before: your eyes will be fixed upon the stage: you will be carried quite out of yourself: you will think of nothing but the story which they act. They are not afraid—these actors—to place even Kings and Queens upon the stage: the Majesty of Kings, which is conveyed to them by the holy Chrism, they cannot, of course, imitate: but the dignity of a Queen have I seen represented with wonderful power. That, Miss Nancy, is, I suppose, because all women are born to command."

"Well, but," I said, still thinking of the authors and the poets, "every play must be written by someone, who invents also the fable or plot."

"Nobody asks who wrote it. The playwright finds his plot somewhere; he does not invent it. He arranges it first, and then writes the words afterwards. But the words are nothing: it is the scene and the situation that carry us out of ourselves. The play is not made by the author, but by the actor, to whom alone should be given the credit."

Now to this opinion, that the words are nothing, and that the play is made by the actor, not the author, my cousin, who loved the reading of plays, demurred, and a long argument followed, which I omit because nothing was settled, and to this day I know not whether a play owes more to the poet or to the actor.

In a word, he loved the play, which moved him deeply, but he cared nothing for the fine poetry or the noble sentiments: what moved him were the situations, the things that happened: Richard the Second in prison filled

him with pity: the fine verses put into the King's mouth by the poet moved him not at all.

"If I were a schoolmaster," he said, "I would teach history by means of plays, to be acted by the boys. The schoolmaster would arrange the play and the boys would make their own words."

Sometimes we sat down to play cards. His favourite game was that called Comet. I believe that the Founder of our Society called them the Devil's pictures, or something equally severe. Surely, had he seen our innocent games, at which no one wept at losing or rejoiced at winning, he would have changed his opinion. Cards, I apprehend, like wine, dress, and many other things, are what we make of them. On this subject he was quite clear and decided. He played with interest, but it was the interest of watching the chances and varying fortunes of the cards, which sometimes wantonly strip a player of all he has, and at other times, with no more reason, load him with wealth.

"A gentleman," he said, "must not play above his means: let him lose no more than he will never miss, and win no more than will not make him rich. Let us not see your lovely face, Miss Nancy, distorted by the anxieties of the gamester. Sometimes, at my mother's card parties, I watch the ladies over their play. Heavens! If they only mark the havoc which play can make upon a woman's face! What lover would not fly in horror from his mistress when he saw her snatch up her cards; bite her lips; turn white and red through her rouge: when her eyes are filled with tears: when her voice chokes: and her brow wrinkles with rage and despair? Yet the next night they are ready to begin again! Miss Nancy, you have again all the luck of the cards."

He spoke often and willingly on religion, in which he was firmly attached to the Established Church: holding in pity all those persons who dissent from the Thirty-Nine Articles; not, as some clergymen of the Establishment do, treating them with hatred as if they were criminals: or derision, as if their judgment were contemptible: but with a sincere and deep-rooted pity that, owing to some early prejudice or confusion of brain, they should not be able to discern the truth. He knew all the arguments against the Catholics, and wondered openly why the Pope of Rome did not acknowledge the English Church as the only true form: the Jesuits, and the Pretender's brother, he supposed, kept him from reading the simple arguments against Popery. As for the Protestant sects, he knew some of them—their name is legion—and what was to be said against them. As for the Society of Friends, he had been, till he knew us, in complete ignorance. How could a young gentleman grow up in ignorance of the Society? In every town the Friends are to be found: always in trade; always wealthy; spoken of continually on account of their refusal to pay tithes; having colonies in America; belonging more largely than most sects to the history of their country: and here was a young man of two-and-twenty who knew nothing of them. "Who are they?" he asked. "Why were they called Friends? Why did they offer no resistance? Why did they refuse to pay tithes and Easter dues? By what arguments did they defend their position? If we were all equal it would be right for all to wear the same dress: then we ought all to have the same fortune." He took the greatest pleasure in knocking down the doctrines of my people. This, I daresay, was not difficult with two women, only half-hearted, against him.

"I take my doctrines," he said, "from the Archbishops, the Bishops, and the Divines of my own Church. These doctrines, I understand, were originally laid down for us in Hebrew, Chaldean, and in Greek—perhaps in other languages, none of which do I understand, even if I had them laid before me. How, then, can I pretend to judge of these doctrines, what they were and what the translation should be? Do the Quakers understand these ancient languages? I think not. Yet they venture to construct their own interpretation. This is presumption! Do they also profess to expound the law which has been made for them by successive Kings? Dear Miss Nancy, there is no safety among such people, believe me. In things religious, above all, the wise must lead the ignorant."

These words I have remembered ever since. Of their wisdom I have now no doubt. Scholarship and learning are of small importance except for the acquisition of

of Penge in the south: the card-parties in the winter evenings: the river parties: the City feasts: the church and the sermons: the visits accompanied by a 'prentice with a club and a lantern: the sets and coteries and the different ranks and stations: all of which she depicted with much vividness. The differences in position he could not possibly understand. "Rank," he said, "very rightfully belongs to the Sovereign. A peer would not descend to know a craftsman: but why is a lawyer above a schoolmaster?—a merchant above a shopkeeper? They are all commoners."

"The quarterdeck cannot associate with the fo'c'sle," said the sailor.

"There, brother, we have the officer. That is rank. That we understand."

This strange ignorance of the lower walks of Society seemed connected with the fact that his mother, as he told us, was a foreigner.

"For myself," he said, "it is my chief pride that I am born an Englishman."

Then he raised his hand, and recited these verses—"I spoke them," he explained, "as a prologue to a play when I wast thirteen or fourteen—

*Should this superior to my years be thought,  
Know—tis the first great lesson I was taught.  
What? Tho' a boy! It may with pride be said;  
A boy: in England born:  
in England bred:  
Where freedom well becomes  
the earliest state.  
For there the laws of Liberty innate."*

These lines he pronounced (as he did everything) with the utmost sincerity. He could never understand the differences in position (rather than in rank) which make the pride (or the misery) of so many of our City dames. I suppose that to one who stands on a pinnacle, or looks down upon the world from the summit of some high mountain, the smaller differences vanish: all becomes a plain surface.

"As for our own class," said my cousin, "it is that of the sober and successful merchant, who is raised above the shopkeeper by his superior education and knowledge: by his superior wealth: and by the magnitude of his enterprises."

He made haste to compliment her as to her own class.

"Madam," he said, "your class is the chief glory of the country: you make its wealth: you employ the people. Believe me, we are truly sensible of the service which London has always rendered to this country. As for myself and my brother, we hold it a

singular happiness that we are permitted to join the society of so much virtue and so much refinement as that of yourself and Miss Nancy."

We both acknowledged this compliment.

"Here," he continued, "I find amusement without rudeness, wit without coarseness, and here alone—he rose, for it was nearly ten—"friendship without self-seeking."

He bent his head and kissed both our hands, with a humid eye which betrayed his sensibility.

(To be continued.)

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*He bent his head and kissed both our hands.*

wisdom and the imparting of knowledge. It is to the Divines that the world at large must look for their opinions.

Sometimes he asked questions about the people—how they live, how they work, what they think, of their loyalty, their religion, their manners; betraying a strange ignorance of the lower classes whom we of the middle sort continually meet and know.

"I suppose," he said, "that I ought to know something of these people. My excuse is that while my brother Edward has been to sea, and so knows the world, I have had to live at home—for reasons which I will spare you. Few indeed are the houses into which I have gone: few are the people outside my own—relations—whom I know. Therefore, all that you tell me interests me."

My cousin, for instance, told him how the City people of the better class live: she described her own life before she married a Quaker: the cheerful life of a London merchant's daughter, with the assembly once a week in winter: the country drives in summer—to Hampstead and Highgate in the north, to Dulwich and the hanging woods

## THE BENIN DISASTER: THE PUNITIVE EXPEDITION.

The account of the Benin massacre given by Captain Boisragon and Mr. Locke, who, with one native carrier, are the sole survivors of the hapless expedition headed by Mr. Phillips, the Acting Consul-General of the Niger Protectorate, has sadly confirmed the meagre information which was at first forthcoming about the fate of the expedition, and no time has been lost in the despatch of a force which is calculated to be sufficient not only to avenge the massacre and its insult to British arms, but also, if necessary, to lend aid to the Niger Protectorate Company's forces which are now employed against the Emir of Nupe. The punitive force, which is to number upwards of fourteen hundred men, will be composed of West India troops from Sierra Leone, several hundreds of marines from the British war-ships of the Cape of Good Hope and West African Station and from H.M.S. *Theseus* and *Forte*, of the Mediterranean Squadron, a further detachment of marines from Portsmouth, Chatham, and Eastney, and a body of Houssa Constabulary and native recruits. The marines from Portsmouth, Chatham, and Eastney Barracks sailed on Saturday last in the P. and O. steamship *Malacca*, which has been fitted out as a hospital-ship with every suitable appliance, much as the *Coronancl* was for the Ashanti Expedition of last year. The *Malacca* carries stores for a thousand men, and every possible provision for the antiseptic dressing of wounds and the treatment of sickness generally. As soon as she reaches the Niger Coast Protectorate the troops and all provisions are to be disembarked and the vessel adapted solely to the character of a hospital-ship. Ten naval surgeons and several



Photo Stephen Cribb, Portsmouth.

H.M.S. "FORTE."

screw cruiser with protected deck. Her displacement is 4360 tons, and her speed is nineteen knots and a half. Captain Charles Campbell, C.B., commands the

but Messrs. Elder, Dempster, and Co., of Liverpool, have offered Mr. Consul-General Moor the use of their steamship *Kwarra*, a twin-screw vessel specially adapted in build



H.M.S. "ST. GEORGE."



H.M.S. "WIDGEON."

trained nurses, together with some twenty medical attendants from the naval hospital at Haslar, will be on board, and the arrangements of the vessel will allow of the treatment of one hundred patients at a time, or even more, if necessary. The *Malacca* sailed from the Royal Albert Docks on Saturday last amid much enthusiasm, a large gathering of people having assembled to wish the departing troops God-speed. The great vessel passed from the wharf in a heavy snow-storm, but to the sound of lusty cheering, even heartier than that which had already sped the Royal Marines and Marine Artillery on their way from Portsmouth railway-station after they had been addressed by their commanding officers.

We give illustrations of several of the other ships which are to take part in the expedition. H.M.S. *St. George* is the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Rawson, C.B., Commander-in-Chief on the Cape of Good Hope and West African Station, who is in command of the punitive expedition. The *St. George* sailed from Capetown with Rear-Admiral Rawson on board on Jan. 13. H.M.S. *Widgeon* has now carried Captain Gallwey, the Assistant Administrator, to Warri, whence he was to start at once for the British Consulate at Benin to await the arrival of Mr. Moor, the Consul-General, and his companions, now on their way to the West Coast on board the *Bathurst*. H.M.S. *Theseus*, which, with H.M.S. *Forte*, sailed from Malta last week, is a first-class twin-screw cruiser of 7350 tons displacement and an armament of two 22-ton breechloaders, ten quick-firing guns, seven machine-guns, and seventeen six-pounder guns. She is one of the deck-protected cruisers built at the Thames Ironworks, and her speed is twenty knots. H.M.S. *Forte* is a second-class twin-

*Theseus* and Captain R. T. Foote the *Forte*. Neither of these war-ships will probably be able to pass up the river to Benin, owing to the shallowness of the water,

to the navigation of winding rivers, and therefore likely to be of much service in the transport of troops from the coast to Gwato, or some other point on the way to Benin City.



H.M.S. "THESEUS."

Photo Stephen Cribb, Portsmouth.



THE BENIN DISASTER: NATIVE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.



1. Rebels Burning a Deserted Village. 2. Rebels Attacking a Spanish Force. 3. Spanish Prisoners brought into Camp by the Rebels.

THE CUBAN REBELLION.

## LITERATURE.

## EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VIGNETTES.

Always welcome to lovers of genuine and genial literature is a new series, this time the third, of Mr. Austin Dobson's *Eighteenth Century Vignettes* (Chatto and Windus). Adequate praise of it is to say that it is as delectable reading, as bright and informing, as any of its predecessors. Among the most attractive and interesting of the fourteen vignettes in a volume attractive and interesting throughout are those of Garrick in his later years and of Matthew Prior. In "Exit Roscius" Mr. Dobson has collected the most striking criticisms of contemporaries on Garrick's acting in general and on his farewell performances in particular, with just enough of Garrick's personality to interest the reader in the closing triumphs of the man. In the chapter on Matthew Prior—whom Thackeray proclaimed the precursor, as a lyrist, of Tom Moore, and thus rescued from Dr. Johnson's rather scurvy treatment of him—Mr. Dobson has given a portrait of both the diplomatist and the poet which in appreciative thoroughness of treatment is almost worthy of Ste. Beuve. Mr. Dobson, who wrote a capital little biography of the author of "Tom Jones" for the "English Men of Letters" series, has, among his numerous literary "finds," lighted on a sale catalogue of Fielding's library, an analysis of which he gives for the first time. He turns it to excellent account by showing how it confirms his own estimate of Fielding's accomplishments, classical and other, and helps to confute a casual sneer of Thackeray's at Fielding's "twopenny learning." Space allows little more than a bare reference to other chapters of Mr. Dobson's delightful volume. New probably to many readers who have not Boswell at their fingers' ends will be his sketch of the son of the author of "The Gentle Shepherd," the second Allan Ramsay, a scholar and a wit. "I love Ramsay," Johnson was heard to say—though not, like his father, a poet but a painter, and one whose portraits were so esteemed in his day that Horace Walpole preferred them to Sir Joshua's. Mr. Dobson reintroduces him as "A rival of Reynolds." A bright chapter is devoted to the Court, family and social life of Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey, Maid of Honour to George the Second's Queen Caroline, who married clandestinely and not very happily the Lord Hervey of the "Memoirs," the "Lord Fanny" and "Sporus" of Pope. She was a wit and a leader of society as well as a beauty; her circle of friends and admirers including Lord Chesterfield and David Hume. The latest and most diligent editor of Peter Cunningham's "Handbook of London" may learn something from Mr. Dobson's concluding chapter—"one topographico-biographical"—The Tour of Covent Garden, in which there is an amusing account of the unsuccessful career, as an extremely liberal but very imprudent tavern-keeper, of Macklin the actor. It is to be hoped that this volume will not be the last of the series illustrating the literary and social history of the century of which Mr. Dobson knows so much and which he loves so well.

## NOTES ON BOOKS.

It is irritating to find the pivot of the plot of so pleasant and promising a novel as Mrs. J. A. Crawford's *Jo of Auchendoross* (Hutchinson and Co.) its weakest part—to find the keystone of the arch the very rottenest in the structure. No sooner has the hero proposed for the charming "Jo," in a scene of frenzied passion, than he bethinks him of an engagement to his cousin, which had entirely escaped his memory. Instead of returning forthwith to explain to the heroine, who had just accepted him, "Oh, by the way, I quite forgot that I had another engagement," he runs away to Cambridge and remains there for weeks without vouchsafing to the bewildered and broken-hearted "Jo" a single word or line of explanation. He wishes first to secure his father's sanction to the cancelling of his engagement with his cousin; and, as his father was in Paris, he had to await his return. It was probably through another failure of memory that the possibility of communicating by post with Paris escaped him. When his father did at last return it is too late—at least, according to the current report that "Jo" is engaged to Sir George Swift. The hero's unworthy belief in this engagement brought it about, since "Jo," in her despair, accepted the bovine baronet. When she had got thoroughly entangled in this intolerable engagement it occurred at last to the hero to explain his dastardly desertion of her; and the explanation is so satisfactory to the unexacting "Jo" that she throws over the baronet as unconsciously as she had accepted him. The hero, in fact, is one of those insupportable prigs that women, in novels at least, delight to honour, and his creator seems to think "Jo" happy in having secured him at any cost of self-respect. "Jo" herself, however, is a charming heroine, and the admirable picture of the Scotch minister's household, of which she is the youthful head, indicates the nationality of the author, which might otherwise have incurred the suspicion of being Hibernian. The following sentence, at least, has an Irish ring about it: "Her loneliness in a hostile world arose before her, and for the first time in her life she was dismayed at the battles Past, Present, and Future, through which her path lay."

In *The Last of the Haddons* (Jarrold and Sons) almost everyone changes partners, as in a dance, but in the stateliest of dances. In truth, Mrs. E. Newman's novel is to the current fiction of the day as a stiff minuet is to a romping waltz, though, indeed, it is almost profane to compare so edifying a story to a dance at all.

Its personages, who seem to have stepped out of tracts, bear themselves in their prim and stiff progress through the story like wry-necked mediæval saints, with the necessary exception of the naughty girl needed to throw such an excess of saintliness into relief. We fear readers who have learned to look for flesh and blood—and plenty of it—in their fiction will find "The Last of the Haddons" insipid, and will cry—

Give me my gorge of colour, glut of gold;  
Titan's the man, not Monk Angelico,  
Who traces you some timid chalky ghost  
That turns the Church into a charnel.

Lovers of Sunday School fiction, on the other hand, will find the novel far above the average of its class; though even they must weary a little of that too-too superior person, Robert Wentworth, and a little resent the senseless mystery the heroine made of her engagement to Philip Dallas. This silly secrecy was the more unfortunate since "her love for Philip has made all men seem as brothers to her," and that oppressive prig, Robert, having no idea of this vicarious attachment of hers to his sex in general, was misled into supposing that he had monopolised it. All readers, Sunday School or other, will regret, though for different reasons, that amid the general change of partners she and Robert were left out in the cold, instead of being paired oppositely together.

The Rev. H. N. Hutchinson is a past master in the art of exposition. His excellent popular summaries of what is known about the ancient life-forms of the earth—"dragons of the prime," and all their kin—are now supplemented by a clear and brightly written account of the earliest races of

talent in describing at such length the diversions of a madhouse in his *A Court Intrigue* (William Heinemann). It was not a bad idea of its wild kind to represent a swindling mad-doctor stocking an asylum in Brittany with patients whose relatives had to pay two years' maintenance for them in advance, and then absconding (after dismissing staff and servants) and leaving the lunatics to their own devices. But a short magazine story, instead of a novel of more than the average length, would have given Mr. Thomson ample room for all that is of interest in the fantasy. For other reasons also it would have been wiser to curtail both the tale and the time it takes. In the first place, no crowd of lunatics could ever act together for many hours, not to say many days, with the cohesion attributed to the courtiers and counsellors engaged in "A Court Intrigue"; and, in the second place, the hero and heroine forfeit all claim to be considered the only sane persons in the asylum through their imbecile failure to find out during all that time the character of the place and people they had stumbled upon. In a word, the frightful outbreak with which the story closes must have taken place within a few hours of the flight of the superintendent, staff and servants; while any man or woman who could play the parts given to the hero and heroine in the piece were only so far out of place in being confined in the Colney Hatch, instead of in the Earlswood, of Brittany.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

Did the younger Pitt wear a wig? That is the momentous question which has been exciting the minds of Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Max Beerbohm. Dr. Doyle writes to

me expressing the opinion that Pitt wore his powdered natural hair, gathered into a tail behind. There is no positive evidence either way, so far as I know; but the overwhelming probability is that Pitt *did* wear a wig up to about the French Revolution, and probably, upon important occasions at least, even later. He was at Cambridge until 1779, and entered Parliament in 1781. When he was at Cambridge it was very unusual even for undergraduates not to wear a wig. A young man at Cambridge twenty years later—that is to say, in 1799—who dared to wear his own hair was nicknamed "Apollo." That the duns almost always wore wigs until 1799 and later we may learn from Fairholt and from Wordsworth's "University Life in the Eighteenth Century."

It was only at the time of the French Revolution, and with the growth of simpler tastes in dress, that it became the fashion to appear in public without a wig. Wigs died hard at the end of the eighteenth century, and after Pitt had been many years in public life. The simpler form of the wig before it went out makes it very difficult to distinguish it from tied hair, but some of Gillray's caricatures of Pitt seem to represent him in a wig.

The Irish Literary Society held its meeting last Saturday, when Mr. O'Hea—the well-known Irish caricaturist—gave a lecture. In the list of lecturers for this season I perceive the name of Dr. Conan Doyle. Dr. Doyle's association with Edinburgh University makes one apt to forget that he is an Irishman and of a distinguished Irish family. In looking over the list of members of the Irish Literary Society, however, I am struck by the absence of two names which seem to me to have peculiar title to be included in the ranks of members—that is to say, Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Grant Allen. Mr. George Meredith ought to be a member because he is the greatest figure in our latter-day literature, and on one side at least he is Irish. Mr. Grant Allen's claims are remarkable in a different way: he is not only an Irishman by race, but he has done more than any other writer of his day to bring home to the minds of English people the enormous influence of Celtic literature. He has preached this fact in a valuable little book which he wrote for the Christian Knowledge Society many years ago, entitled "Anglo-Saxon Britain," and in numerous magazine articles. The Celt, however, is not always grateful, and I have heard it hinted by a member of the Irish Literary Society that Mr. Grant Allen would not be acceptable, even if he wished to join—concerning which I have no information—because of certain books he has written from time to time, principally, I presume, on the marriage question. It would be very interesting to know if this sort of bigotry does really characterise any member of the Irish Literary Society other than my informant. As well might a rigid upholder of the marriage tie boycott the "Paradise Lost" because of certain opinions concerning divorce which Milton is known to have published to the world.

Mr. John Foster Fraser has interviewed the Shah of Persia at Teheran, and has written an account of his novel experiences for the *English Illustrated Magazine*.

The feverish desire to possess the manuscripts of great writers is shortly to receive a striking demonstration. The original manuscripts of Keats's "Endymion" and "Lamia" are to be offered for sale at Sotheby's in a few weeks. Nothing so valuable in this way has been provided for the temptation of the bibliophile for many a day. For the manuscript of Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre" five hundred pounds was once offered, and I believe that there are plenty of people who would pay a thousand pounds for the manuscript of "In Memoriam," which is known to be extant. One waits with interest to see the value put upon Keats's "Endymion"!—C. K. S.



Austin Dobson

## WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XXI.—MR. AUSTIN DOBSON.

Mr. Henry Austin Dobson, whose third volume of "Eighteenth Century Vignettes" is reviewed on this page, was born in 1840, and after passing his earlier years at Beaumaris, Coventry, and in Germany he entered the Civil Service as a clerk in the Board of Trade, of which he is now a Principal. He published his first volume in 1873 under the title of "Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société." This was followed four years later by "Proverbs in Porcelain," and the two volumes were subsequently merged in one under the title of "Old World Idylls," to which a companion volume, "At the Sign of the Lyre," was added in 1885. The dainty grace of Mr. Dobson's muse speedily secured for him a unique position among latter-day poets, and one which he has held with ease against all newcomers. He was one of the first English writers to cultivate the forms of the French ballade, villanelle, and the like. In prose, as in verse, he has identified himself closely with the literature and manners of the eighteenth century. He is the author of biographical studies of Horace Walpole, Goldsmith, Steele, Hogarth, Fielding, and Thomas Bewick, and has edited the works of a number of old-world authors.

mankind and of the huge mammals that were contemporary with them. In *Prehistoric Man and Beast* (Smith, Elder, and Co.) Mr. Hutchinson abstains from dealing with the question of man's origin, although his agreement with the theory of the common descent of man and the higher apes is not withheld. But the omission of this matter leaves more space for the interesting story of man's antiquity and slow advances from savagery to civilisation. In the absence of documents we fall back on tradition and material relics—from roughly shaped flint tools and weapons to the stone monuments of which Stonehenge is the most famous type in these islands. Unfortunately, Mr. Hutchinson makes another addition to the fantastic theories of the origin of that cromlech. And he is wrong in citing Lord Kelvin as supporting the demand of five hundred million years as a minimum of the earth's life-period: his Lordship has hitherto grudged the geologists a paltry fifth of that time! A word of praise is due to Mr. Cecil Aldin's reproductions of the life of prehistoric ages, but they run perilously near Mr. Reed's famous pictures in *Punch*.

Mr. Basil Thomson has wasted much unquestionable



THE SNOW-STORM.

*Original Drawing by Daniel Vierge.*

## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The laws of duelling and the customs of the duello as practised on the Continent, but especially in France, will always furnish fresh subjects for comment to the true-born Englishman, whose experience of foreign lands has been derived from occasional stays in such countries, and who has, therefore, an imperfect conception of the real or fancied "feeling of honour" that prompts those encounters. He can understand and even admire two working men who in settlement of a grievance take off their coats and belabour one another more or less "scientifically" with their fists; but two better educated men may neither resort to such a mode of adjusting their differences nor must they resort to pistols or swords, because "logic" no longer countenances such exhibitions of personal courage.

"The duello is either ridiculous or fraught with too much risk," maintains the Englishman in support of his prohibition. The former part of his argument is more intelligible to me than the latter, but neither of these appears to appeal to the Frenchman, no matter what his condition of life may be. Only recently two valiant Lutetians—the one a tailor, the other's occupation is not mentioned—repaired from a popular ball-room to a secluded spot hard by, and after having five shots at each other, wounded one of the seconds seriously, if not dangerously.

Of course, the whole of Paris made merry over this: the aristocratic portion sneered over the misguided couple's attempt at aping gentlemen, the plebeian portion were more indignant, but laughed nevertheless. Both sections ought to have foregone any sort of comment, for comic denouements to single combats have for many years been the rule rather than the exception. Had these two opponents been content to fight each with the implement of his trade, the result would have been more satisfactory, if not to them, at least to one of their supporters. This was practically the plea of M. Paul de Cassagnac when he refused the challenge of Victor Noir, who was afterwards killed—though by no means fairly—by Prince Pierre Bonaparte. "If M. Noir wishes for an encounter, he must leave me the choice of weapons, contrary to custom, seeing that in this instance I cannot be considered the insulted party. On this condition only will I consent to meet him, so that no harm can come to you gentlemen"—this to the seconds—"or to my friends. If he agrees to my proposal, you may tell him that he is a dead man—for I choose as my weapon—orthography." Victor Noir was a notorious bad speller, so bad that a great many "comps" were afraid of his copy.

The sally, though smart, was not absolutely original. A nobleman in Louis the Fourteenth's time, having been challenged by a doctor at the time Molière's "Malade Imaginaire" was at the height of its success, made the following answer: "I accept the invitation, but inasmuch as I am a skilful swordsman and your friend is probably the very opposite, I do not wish to take an unfair advantage of him, and as I am the challenged, I choose the weapon he handles most dexterously." And he named the instrument which plays so conspicuous a part as a "prop" in Molière's comedy.

The recent encounter was caused by "bad blood" between the two combatants, by jealousy of a pretty laundress. Who ever heard of a duel caused by an excess of "good feeling" on the part of one adversary? M. Mary-Lafon, the well-known author, in the forties, being out bathing one morning, saved a very prosperous merchant from drowning. When the latter felt safe on *terra firma* he began to express his gratitude, calling Lafon "My father," "My saviour," etc. "Say no more about it, but let us go and have luncheon; I am pretty well starving," replied Lafon. The merchant followed meekly; but after a few glasses of wine and a few mouthfuls of food he burst out afresh. Lafon was not the most patient nor the sweetest tempered of creatures. He began to be annoyed—he flung a plate of strawberries at his would-be son's head. The other hurled a water-bottle at him. As a matter of course the proprietor, attracted by the noise, entered the room; the bill was settled, the merchant and his "saviour" hailed a cab, the driver of which was told to proceed to the Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs, close to which in those days lived M. d'Hormoy, then director of the Italian Opera.

Lafon got out, and in a little while reappeared accompanied by the impresario carrying a case of duelling pistols. "My good friend," said the writer, "allow me to present to you a friend, a linen-manufacturer with whom I am in the habit of boating, and who pursues me with his gratitude because I was idiotic enough to fish him out of the water this morning. Since then he has not ceased to call me 'his father,' although I am ten years younger than he." The merchant opened his lips once more; Lafon cut him short by ordering the cabman to drive to the Romainville Wood. En route they picked up another second, and when they arrived at their destination not a minute was lost in measuring the ground.

Both combatants missed fire the first time. "Do you still intend to worry me with your gratitude?" asked Lafon. "Oh, my father, my saviour, what else can I do?" was the answer. "Gentlemen, be good enough to reload the pistols," requested Lafon. The second discharge was productive of as little effect as the former. Thereupon the manufacturer, unable to contain himself, cleared the distance between himself and his antagonist at one bound, fell round his neck, still exclaiming, "My father, my saviour," and prevented all further hostilities by the genuine outburst of laughter that followed.

This, however, is probably an absolutely unique case. I have no doubt that Lafon was frankly glad of this harmless ending, for he did not wish to hurt his former friend. It is where two enemies meet without wounding each other that the affair becomes ridiculous, and if the custom of duelling is to inspire any respect at all, there should be a rigorous condition in all cases that it must not end in the lamentable fiasco of "no harm done" on either side.

## COINS OF THE ANCIENTS.

"I am the fool of association," wrote the eloquent author of "A Summer in Skye"; "I am the fool of association; and the tree under which a King has rested, the stone on which a banner was planted on the morning of some victorious or disastrous day, the house in which some great man first saw the light, are to me the sacreddest things." It is a feeling shared to some extent, perhaps, by most of us. Who is there that, in the cool September twilight, has climbed the green slope of Flodden, while shadows darkened round the Piper's Hill, without a sigh for Scotland's chivalry?—without thinking how?

The stubborn spearmen still made good  
Their dark impenetrable wood,  
Each stepping where his comrade stood  
The instant that he fell?

Who that has any love for art at all could stand unmoved under the dome of the Pantheon before that eloquent inscription which begins, *Ille hic est Raphael?* The sword of Charlemagne, with its broad belt and its barbaric clasps of gold, calls up a whole chapter of romance. A rusty carrionado from the Armada is like a page in hieroglyph out of our rough island story. But an old coin may take us back in fancy to a time so distant that compared with it such men and things as these are but of yesterday. "Of all antiquities," says a well-known writer, "coins are the smallest, yet, as a class, the most authoritative in record and the widest in range. No history is so unbroken as that which they tell; no geography so complete; no art so continuous in sequence nor so broad in extent; no mythology so ample and so various. Unknown kings, and lost towns, forgotten divinities, and new schools of art have here their authentic record."

Among all the treasures of the British Museum there are few more fascinating than the electrotype copies of the most famous money of the ancients. The oldest known coins are those which were struck by the Kings of Lydia seven hundred years before the Christian Era. They are mere oval nuggets of metal, slightly flattened by a blow with a rude stamp, but bearing no device or lettering whatever. Almost as remarkable as the simplicity of their style is the material of which they are made—a compound of gold and silver known to collectors as electrum. The more precious metal was from the bed of the Pactolus, the stream in which King Midas plunged, turning all its sands to gold. Not greatly later than these Lydian coins are the silver staters of Ægina, which bear on one side the figure of a tortoise, symbolic of the worship of Aphrodite; and on the other merely what is called an incuse square—that is to say, the mark made by the reverse of the stamp.

These were the first coins struck in Europe, and were long the only money current throughout Greece. It was not until the age of Praxiteles that the art of the moneyer reached its highest pitch of excellence. And in the beautiful pieces of some of the Greek cities of his time we seem to see the very touch of the master. Such, for example, is the face of the Sun God on the Rhodian stater and on the coinage of Clazomenae; such is the head of Zeus upon the ancient money of Arcadia; while perhaps the finest work of all is shown in the beautiful effigies of Pallas and Arethusa on the coins of Syracuse. The laurelled head of Jupiter on the silver stater of Philip II. of Macedon was, it may be, modelled after the famous statue by Phidias. After the accession of Alexander the Great, the engraver's art declined. Of all the hundred mints from which issued the coins of the conqueror of the world, there were few whose work will bear comparison with that of the preceding age. It is remarkable that some Macedonian cities, for at least a century after his death, continued to coin money in the name of Alexander. A large silver coin of Lysimachus—one of the most famous of his captains, and later, one of his successors, bearing the deified head, though not the name, of the great conqueror, is one of the finest pieces of the period.

Exquisite as is the workmanship of many ancient coins, their charm lies more in their association than in their beauty. The city of Terina is famous for nothing but the extreme grace and loveliness of the figures of Victory on its coinage. And thus the most perfect of its pieces is less to us than a Persian daric—a mere ingot stamped with the rude figure of an archer—that may have belonged to the Great King himself, or may even have been found upon the field of Marathon. No one could look without interest on this silver penny of Tiberius, bearing as it does the "image and superscription" of that Caesar who in our Saviour's time was master of the world. That broad brass of Vespasian, with a weeping figure seated under a palm-tree, and the legend *Judaea capta*, seems to recall the conqueror's lament over the fallen city. This Athenian drachma, with its owl, and olive-branch, and quaint archaic figure of Minerva, may have been in the hands of Socrates. That gold Macedonian stater, carrying the wreathed head of Apollo and a chariot and horses, may have chinked in the royal purse of Alexander. It is possible that this beautiful Corinthian coin, with its soaring Pegasus and its figure of Athene, may have touched the hand of Paul himself. That Tarentine drachma, on which Taras, the mythical founder of the city, sits astride upon a dolphin, may, for all we know, have been in the spoils of Beneventum, among—

The helmets gay with plumage  
Torn from the pheasant's wings,  
And belts set thick with starry gems  
That shone on Indian Kings.

Upwards of five hundred French Royalists assembled on Thursday in last week for a solemn mass at the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, to commemorate the hundred and fourth anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. The Duc de Rohan and the Comte de Sabran were among those present.

The latest agitation against the misrule of the Sultan is promoted by the Byron Society, which is arranging a meeting at St. James's Hall for the object of urging upon the Powers the necessity for the unconditional deposition of the Sultan and the release of all the prisoners who now languish in bondage in the various domains of the Turkish Empire.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Some time ago, Dr. Oliver, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, courteously forwarded to me a reprint of his paper on "The Food of the People," originally published in the "Co-operative Wholesale Society's Annual." A re-perusal of this brochure strengthens me in the belief and opinion that one of the chief defects of our present-day education is the lack of such knowledge as Dr. Oliver endeavours to supply concerning our daily bread. I may claim to know something of this want of common physiological knowledge, because for the last fifteen or twenty years I have been engaged in the work of the George Combe Trust, whose aim is the diffusion among the people of information concerning the laws of health and their physiological basis. Any endeavour which has for its object the better culture of the nation in the science of personal and public health is really an aid to national prosperity, seeing that national health, in the truest sense of the term, is national wealth. The ill-fed nation, like the under-fed individual, is not likely to make much progress in the world's work. It is handicapped in the inevitable struggle for existence which marks life everywhere, and the weakest, which go to the wall in this struggle, are, as likely as not, to be those whose nutrition is below par.

It is surprising to me that a great national demonstration of opinion on the need for physiology being made an essential part of the education of every child has not long ere this been organised. We "demonstrate" on the slightest provocation in things political. Would that in matters educational, things which lie at the very root and foundation of our national weal, we were as ready to take instant and concerted action! My demand would be that no child, boy or girl, should be allowed to leave school without being grounded in the elements of health-science. This information I should make a *sine qua non* of education everywhere. When one hears of skirt-dancing even being taught in Board Schools, and of boys who are to be the workmen of the future wasting hours over the dead languages, one may well stand aghast at the utter loss of valuable time which is represented in many phases of our modern system of cram. A working man's daughter may very well aspire to play the piano, and music is a means of culture no doubt; but the sensible thing to be done in such a case is to ground the girl first of all in the elements of ordinary sensible education: to teach her to read, to write, and to count; to train her up in domestic economy, including the knowledge of cookery; and to include in such a study, as may well be done, instruction in the laws of health. If there is opportunity for piano-playing and dancing after these essentials have been mastered, good and well; but it is worse than folly to neglect the knowledge which will fit the girl for becoming a good wife and mother for specious and useless accomplishments that can be of no value to her whatever.

An apt illustration of the value of all health-teaching is afforded by Dr. Oliver's paper. He lays stress in one part of his article on one very common cause of the ill-feeding of the nation in the shape of the abuse of tea and coffee. This point affords a most excellent illustration of the value of physiology-teaching in the schools. The poorer classes live largely on tea and bread. There is nourishment, no doubt, in the starch of the bread, but there is none in the relatively expensive tea or coffee. Dr. Oliver remarks that the practice of taking tea continually as the staple diet is a "vicious habit." He adds that "mal-nutrition and a large infant mortality" are the consequences of bringing up young infants on tea and bread. Now cocoa is a true food. It is rich in fat—the most valuable working-food we eat—and it contains fair and adequate proportions of other foods as well. Suppose some big wave of educated opinion swept over the face of the land, and that cocoa could be substituted for tea and coffee among those who are in the habit of using the latter as foods, it would be difficult to estimate the enormous improvement in the national nutrition which would ensue. But to bring about such a desirable change in the dietary habits of the masses one would require to demand their education in the plain principles of food and feeding; and I maintain the only place in which this training can be properly imparted is the school.

In his paper Dr. Oliver gives us some interesting statistics concerning the average wage per week of the workman in various countries, the average cost of his food per week, and the percentage of food cost to the wage. Thus for Great Britain the figures are for food per week 14s., the wages 31s., and the percentage of food-cost 45. For France the figures respectively are 12s., 21s., and 57. For Germany, 10s., 16s., and 62. For Belgium, 12s., 20s., and 60. In the case of Italy we find the food, wages, and percentage standing at 9s., 15s., and 60 respectively. Spain gives us 10s., 16s., and 62; the United States 16s., 48s., and 33; and Australia 11s., 40s., and 28. Certain other figures are of great interest to all who consider the well-being of the people. The average Englishman, we are told, spends more upon his food than his neighbours. His yearly bill is £9 12s., while the Frenchman's food account is £9 8s. The Italian spends £4 16s., and the German £8 8s. The Spaniard's account amounts to £6 12s., and that of the Russian to £4 12s. We also consume most flesh-meat, but we are the smallest bread-eaters.

That which universal education in sanitary knowledge would effect for us as a nation would be the improvement of our diet, the better selection of our foods, and a greater economy in the purchase of them. We should also exhibit a vast improvement in the matter of temperance, for while legislation has failed to make men more temperate and less liable to abuse the use of alcohol, we might well give education in the science of dietetics a trial as a likely factor in promoting sobriety. My plea, in short, is for better education in the things essential for the regulation of the life physical. If that phase of existence is well ordered, it is not by any means a Utopian idea that the life mental and the life moral will participate in the gains which such education is calculated to bring in its train.

## THE INVENTOR OF PHONOGRAPHY.

A pathetic interest attaches to the death of Sir Isaac Pitman, which occurred at his beloved Bath on Jan. 22; for November would have brought him the diamond jubilee of the publication of his system of shorthand, which has done so much to perfect the journalism of the Victorian era. One of a family of eleven, he was the son of a factory overseer, and was born at Trowbridge, some ten miles east of Bath, on Jan. 4, 1813. The curious note of strenuousness which characterised his whole career was enforced in boyhood on him and his brothers—Joseph, Jacob, Abraham, and Benjamin (sons of Samuel); and was probably emphasised by his being put to the art of school-teaching at the early age of sixteen, when he came to town to a seminary in the Borough Road. Then he moved to Barton-on-Humber, where on £70 a year he married, became a teetotaler (and later a vegetarian), and verified the five hundred thousand marginal references in Bagster's "Comprehensive Bible." This led to his forming a friendship with the great publisher, who asked him to issue a volume in shorthand, which he had been studying since 1829. He set to work in 1836—the year in which he moved to Wotton-under-Edge, and adopted the doctrines of Swedenborg; and early in the following year he submitted a revised version of Taylor's system, which had been invented in 1786. The publisher's reader advised the young man to try something more original, and the result was the discovery of the system of writing by sound which is known all over the world to-day as phonography, and which first appeared on Nov. 27, 1837, in the shape of a twelve-page pamphlet entitled, "The Stenographic Sound-Book." Hundreds of systems of English shorthand had been invented, but the value of Pitman's method was recognised, and phonography brought to Bath—whence he removed in 1839—the fame that Fashion had long denied. Within three years the system had made such progress that the first edition of his "Sound-Book" was exhausted; and simultaneously with the advent of the Penny Post, in January 1840, the second edition, now and henceforth called "Phonography," was issued. But Pitman was not content. His intensely strenuous nature prompted him, in conjunction with Mr. A. J. Ellis, to introduce his system of phonetic spelling, which appeared just fifty years ago, with twenty-three old types and seventeen new ones. To the very last he continued to advocate his systems, and while phonetic spelling has made but slow progress,



THE LATE SIR ISAAC PITMAN.

*Photo Lambert and Lambert, Bath.*

despite the advocacy of Max Müller, phonography has taken the lead of all the other systems of shorthand, which now number well on to five hundred. Pitman's services were recognised by a knighthood, granted in 1894, an honour which gratified Sir "Eizak," as he loved to be spelt, immensely.

## ART NOTES.

Mr. Thorne Waite has long since achieved a reputation as a painter of the Sussex Downs—of which he knows the charm and can interpret the mysteries. At the Fine Art Society's Gallery he now exhibits his art on a wider field, but those who follow him through the Midlands to the North-east of Scotland will probably feel that his best work is that with which he is most familiar. When away from the coombs and valleys of the South Downs, with their moisture-laden golden mists, he is apt to become a conventional follower of the style of others—especially of those who followed in the footsteps of David Cox. Mr. Thorne Waite misses, or rather avoids, the wind which one can see blowing over David Cox's landscapes; but he has caught much of his style in the composition of his pictures. Among the South Downs he is his own master, and allows nature alone to be his guide, and for this reason, whatever the excellence of his sketches on the Banffshire coast or among the Leicestershire fields, his true merits as a painter should be judged by his Sussex and Hampshire sketches.

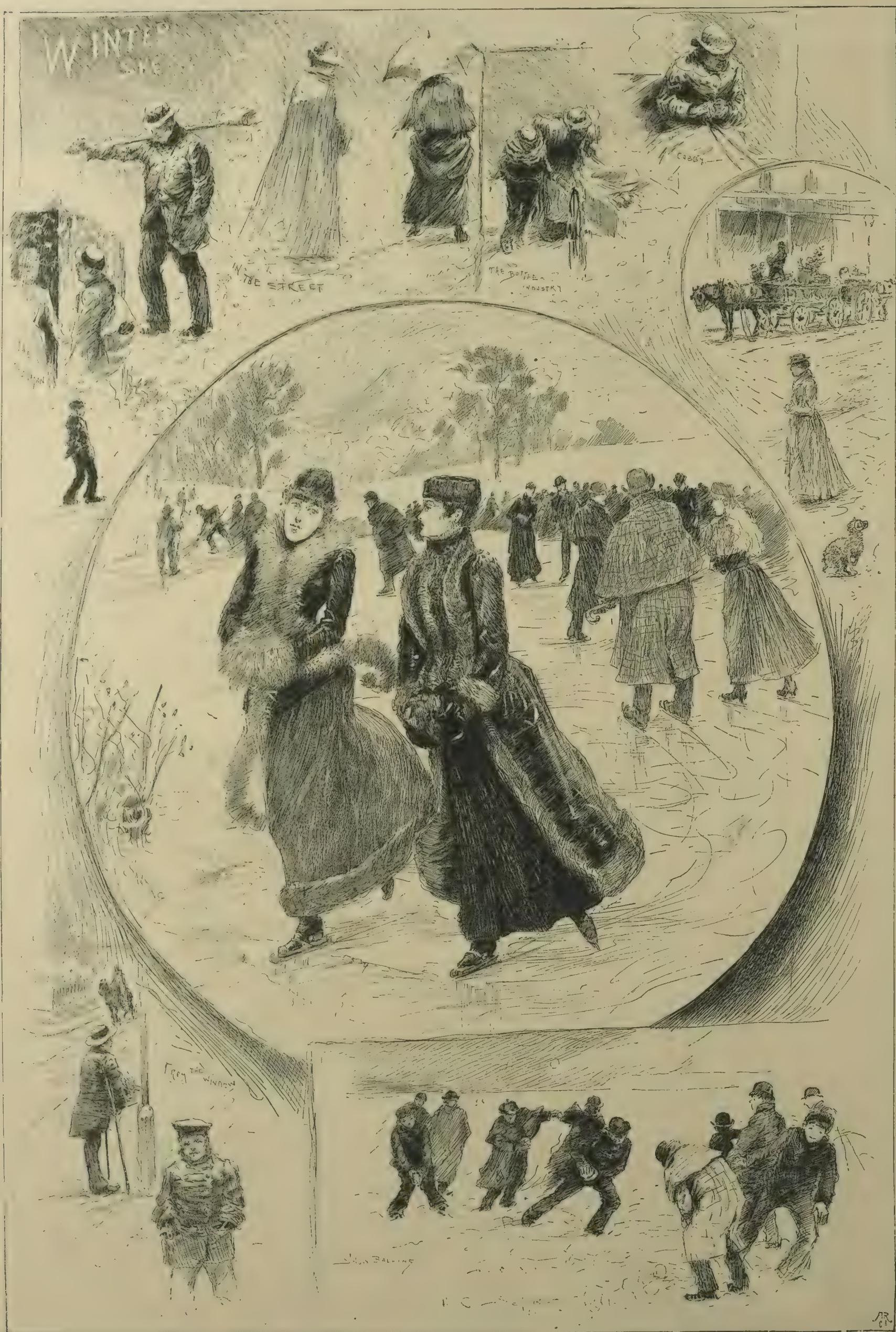
One cannot but recognise the courage and self-reliance of Miss Catherine Hughes and Miss Bertha Lewis in challenging public criticism by an exhibition (Clifford Gallery, Haymarket) to which they are the sole contributors. Miss Lewis paints in oils and Miss Hughes in water-colours, so that all sense of competition between the ladies is out of the question. They have, however, worked together in Normandy, of which both send some pretty characteristic sketches, many of which display a delicacy of touch and sense of colour which are beyond the ordinary standard of young artists. Miss Lewis's colour lacks transparency when she deals with the more subtle problems of atmosphere, but she honestly endeavours to surmount difficulties which older painters prefer to avoid. Miss Hughes's studies of London street life are her most successful works—and she is to be seen at her best in smoke and snow and in low-toned scenes—while in the scene in Kensington Gardens she gives proof of no little skill in painting a group of figures in bright sunlight.

Mr. A. J. Elsley, whose popular picture, "I've Biggest," caught on, has followed it up with a companion picture, "Who is It?" representing a small child and a huge mastiff on very friendly terms. The engraving (Frost and Reed, Bristol) is executed with freedom and vigour, and will doubtless enjoy a considerable vogue.



AN INTERESTING STORY.

*From the Picture by A. A. Calleron.*



SCENES IN THE SNOW.



A HUNGRY RAVEN.

*By Archibald Thorburn.*

## JOHN GETHIN.

John Gethin sat by his own inglenook. He was a comfortable bachelor, reckoned the richest young farmer on the countryside between the Vale of Neath and the Vale of Swansea. It was New Year's Eve, and John Gethin sat smoking his long clay pipe and watching the smoke curl thin and blue from the bowl till it faded away in the general haze of the farmhouse.

He told himself stories to the curl of the smoke—saw his cows increase, and his pigs bring forth litters, and his hay grow tall, and his corn yield incredible bushels per acre in the coming twelvemonth. Material dreams of a prosperous farmer. He stroked his smooth cheek—for he was a plump and well-fed young man—and counted his chickens before the eggs were laid, and puffed away calmly to his thought's accompaniment. He even debated with himself whether he might not marry this year—he was tired of looking about him and "leading a man's life"; mayhap he might settle down and bestow himself on one of the fifteen girls who were ready to accept him as a prize in the market. Gwen Owen was a pretty enough lass and a first-rate milker; Myfanwy Griffith could make capital dough-cakes; Dorenn Williams, too, had such a hand for cheeses as—

His reverie was disturbed by a quick knock at the door. John Gethin, half uncertain whether he dozed or not, raised his head and cried "Come in!" in his own Welsh language.

A woman entered and stood for a moment looking at him. John Gethin turned and faced her without rising from his oak chair. Politeness to women was not John Gethin's forte. He had come into contact with them chiefly under the form of milkmaids—creatures to scold and to chaff alternately. And John Gethin's chaff was not always the most courtly.

But this woman surprised him. She had a strange, quiet, solemn, mysterious beauty. Her face was scarcely stern, but it was firm and final. "I have come for you," she said slowly, without other introduction. Against his will, as it seemed, John Gethin rose up and bowed awkwardly to her.

"Let us go out together," the woman went on. John Gethin, ever ready for an adventure of the sort, answered bollily, "By all means," and unhung his hat from the bullock's horns in the passage.

The woman stepped out into the starlit night. John Gethin followed her. "Where do you go?" he asked wondering.

She pointed with one hand. "This way," she answered, and made no further parley.

John Gethin walked on in marvelling silence by her side. Somehow, though she had called for him and invited him unmasked, she was not the sort of woman to be treated offhand to the cavalier chaff he bestowed upon the milkmaids. They strode abreast in silence. Once, to be sure, John ventured to observe that it was a fine night. His companion, looking up towards the stars overhead, each set keen and distinct in a frosty sky, made answer in the same deliberate voice as before: "A fine night—for my purpose."

They mounted the hills toward the wild heathy tract whose moorland ridge divides the valleys. It lies black in winter-time with withered heather—a vast gloomy expanse, gloomier still just then beneath the frosty starlight.

At the Barrow the woman paused, and pushed aside a great stone. "Enter in with me," she said, and walked through it like a door. John Gethin, now trembling in his fat knees, strode after her.

Within was a room, very large and spacious. Round the walls burned candles—many, many candles. At first John Gethin was only aware of innumerable lights, as at a Masonic supper at the Harp at Swansea. But after a while, as his eye grew more used to the strange weird effluence, he began to perceive that the candles, though ranged in rows, were of quite different lengths—some tall and just begun, others short and much consumed, and a few burnt down to a mere stump or smouldering in their sockets.

"What are these candles?" he asked, aghast, just dimly aware of some deeper meaning.

The woman answered, "These are the candles of the lives of men. As each burns long or short, so are the days of its owner. While it lasts he lives; when it fails, he ceases."

John Gethin fared on with faltering steps through the cavern. His face was ashen. Then he began to observe that each candle bore a name; or rather, on the long ones, which were only just lighted, a man's whole name might be read; while on others a few letters alone remained, and on some just a final P or a Y or an F was now visible.

He stood at last before a flickering taper that began to expire. The letter N alone showed dimly on the melting wax of its surface.

"What word was this?" he asked with livid lips. The woman made no reply, but pointed with her finger. As he stood and watched, smoke curled up from the wick as from his own tobacco, and wreathed itself slowly into dim blue letters. The first that came was a J: then an O and an H and an N followed it. After that, in slow order, G, E, T, H, I. While he looked and held his breath, the N melted from the wax, and framed itself in smoke. At the selfsame moment the candle went out, sputtering. Though a thousand other candles had lighted the cavern, as it sank in its socket gloom closed in around him.

Then John Gethin knew the woman's name, and cried aloud once, a wild cry, in the darkness.

A rumour is current, but has not yet been confirmed, to the effect that when Lord Rosmead retires from the Governorship of Cape Colony the responsibilities of that somewhat arduous appointment will be offered to Sir John Gorst.

The Manx House of Keys was formally dissolved on Friday last with the usual proclamation by Lord Henniker, Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man. On the following day the writs for the election of the new House were issued, the results to be returned within three weeks from that date. The island is now flooded with the addresses of the various candidates, and the election seems likely to be more exciting than any of its predecessors.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.*

F LABY (Leamington).—We very much regret the fault, which escaped our examination. We sincerely wish you success in your further fields of study.

A B S (Tetford Rectory).—We are much obliged for your kind communication, the matter of which, however, had previously reached us.

F F (Bishop's Down).—If Black play 1. Kt to Q B 5th, the reply is 2. Q takes Kt (ch), K to K 4th; 3. B to Kt 7th, mate.

H D ROOME (Southsea).—We will examine your problem; but if unsuitable we cannot return by post.

C JACOBY, F BARRETT, R FOX.—Thanks for problems.

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2748 received from C A M (Penang), Upendranath Mitra (Chinsurah), and Montague Hayfield (Dariwall); of Nos. 2751 and 2752 from Rev. Armand De Rosset Meares (Baltimore); of No. 2753 from H S Brandreth (Cairo) and J Whittingham (Welshpool); of No. 2754 from R Worters (Canterbury), Hermit, J M Shillington, J Charles Jones (Bangor), Maximilian Pulzer (Fiume), Miss D Gregson, Captain J A Challie (Great Yarmouth), Dr Shaw (Dublin), F R Barratt (Northampton), T Chown, J Bailey (Newark), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), J D Tucker (Leeds), John M'Robert (Crossgar, County Down), and H Wilson (Belfast).**

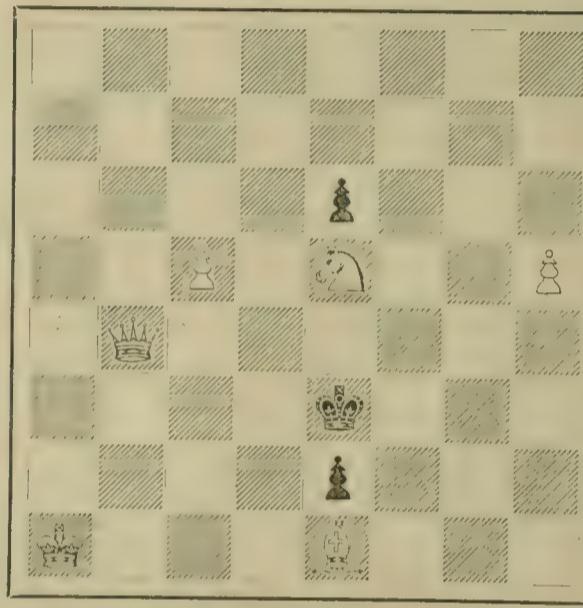
**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2753 received from Sorrento, J D Tucker (Leeds), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), H Wilson (Belfast), Alpha, J Whittingham (Welshpool), R Worters (Canterbury), J F Moon, G L Gillespie, T Chown, F Waller (Latton), G J Veal, E P Vulliamy, Shadforth, Frank Proctor, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Charles Burnett, L P Wilkinson, H Le Jeune, Eugene Henry, F Anderson, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), E Louden, Blinet, Castle Lea, Fred J Gross, F James (Wolverhampton), and J Sowden.**

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2754.—By Miss TOPSY WYCHE.

WHITE. 1. Q to Kt 4th. BLACK. Any move.

## PROBLEM NO. 2757.—By REGINALD KELLY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CONSULTATION CHESS.

Game played at the Divan between two Cambridge AMATEURS in consultation against Mr. BIRD.

(Two Knights' Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Allies.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Allies.)
1. P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.	16. Kt to B 3rd	Q to B 3rd.
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. Q to K 2nd	Q R to K sq
3. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	Black's development is now excellent, the pieces being well placed for attacking purposes.	
4. Kt to Kt 5th	P to Q 4th	18. B to K 3rd	P to K B 5th
5. P takes P	Kt to Q R 4th	19. B to Q 2nd	P to Q B 5th
6. B to Kt 5th (ch)	P to B 3rd	20. P to Q Kt 4th	P takes Q P
7. P takes P	P takes P	21. B takes Q P	P to K 5th
8. B to Q 3rd	P takes P	22. P takes Kt	P takes Kt
9. Kt to K 4th	Kt takes Kt	23. B to B 4th (ch)	K to R sq
10. B takes Kt	B to Q B 4th	24. Q to Q 3rd	B to K 5th
11. Castles	Castles	25. Q to Q 7th	P takes P
12. P to B 3rd		26. K R to Q sq	B takes P (ch)
13. Threatening P to Q Kt 4th. A better line of play appears to be P to K Kt 3rd, followed by B to K Kt 2nd, with a pretty safe game and a Pawn to the good.		27. K takes B	Q to R 5th (ch)
14. P to Q 3rd.	P to B 4th	28. K to Kt 4th	P to B 6th
15. Kt to Q 2nd	B to Kt 3rd	29. P to K R 3rd	
		Black mates in five moves, commencing with P to B 7th (ch), etc. In the latter part of the game Black's play is very vigorous and direct, and deserved this success.	

## CHESS IN LLANDUDNO.

Game played between Messrs. A. J. MACKENZIE and W. COLLINS.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th.	P to K 3rd.	15. P takes P	R takes P.
2. P to Q 4th.	P to Q 4th.	White's very good reply to this was evidently overlooked by Black.	
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	16. Kt takes P	
4. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	Particularly disagreeable. Eventually this wins, as it is well followed up.	
5. P to K 5th	K Kt to Q 2nd	17. Castles Q R	Q R to K B sq
6. B takes B	K takes B	18. Kt to Kt 5th	It takes Kt
7. Q to Kt 4th	Castles	19. Q takes P (ch)	K to R sq
8. P to B 4th	P to K B 4th	20. Q takes Kt	B to B sq
9. Q to R 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	21. Q to Q 6th	
With a view to B to Q Kt 2nd, but that leaves the centre weak. It is necessary always to play about this point P to Q B 4th.		This is correct and best. A capital game on White's part.	
10. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 4th	22. Q takes Q.	
11. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	23. Kt to K 7th	Kt takes Kt
12. P takes P	P takes P	24. P takes Kt	R to K sq
13. P to K Kt 4th	P to B 5th	25. R to Q 8th	Resigns.
14. B to K 2nd	B to Kt 2nd		

We are glad to announce that the report of Mr. A. F. Mackenzie's death, on which we based a paragraph in a recent issue, is unfounded, and we trust the painful impression caused among his many friends will be speedily, as it is happily, removed.

The candidates who have been nominated for the vacancy in the representation of Salisbury, consequent upon the withdrawal of Mr. E. H. Hulse from Parliamentary life, are Mr. Augustus Henry Allhusen, in the Conservative interest, and Mr. John Michael Fuller on behalf of the Radicals. Both parties are hard at work, and intend to make a good fight of the election. The Conservative majority has shown a gradual decline at the last three elections, having fallen from 349 to 238 in 1892, and to the still lower figure of 217 at the last General Election.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Examining Board of the National Society has altered the syllabus of religious instruction in the training colleges, striking out the first half of the Catechism and the dogmatic study of the Apostles' Creed and the Athanasian Creed. In view of the seriousness of the change, the Salisbury Diocesan Board of Education has requested the Bishop to bring the matter before the Primate.

Canon Armour, Head Master of Merchant Taylors' School at Great Crosby, has been delivering an address at the Conference of the Incorporated Association of Head Masters, in which he says that the religious difficulty did not exist within the four walls of the school, but was largely the manufacture of designing persons. He deprecated the introduction into religious teaching of the terms "Churchman" and "Nonconformist." This is characterised by a High Church paper as "amiability run mad."

The Rev. J. Frome Wilkinson, who recently advocated Church Disestablishment, now says that the time has not come when the disunion of Church and State could be done without hurt to both. He thinks the action of the Bishop of Chester as truly statesmanlike as it is courageous, and that the State is bound to extend to denominationalism the same measure of liberty and right as it extends to the Established Church. He thinks, also, all possible influence should be used at present to prevent the establishment of a second and genuine State endowment of a poorly developed type of religion in the form of undenominationalism.

Reminiscences are appearing of the late Bishop of St. Davids. He is said to have been a singularly conscientious correspondent, answering all his letters in his own hand, often at great length, and almost invariably by return of post. Possessed of ample means, he was most generous and hospitable. In presence his short stature was compensated by a quiet dignity which became his person and his office well. To his clergy he was apt to be somewhat reserved, though always courteous and kind. His command of the Welsh language was not great, and he was occasionally betrayed into mistakes which sometimes amused, sometimes embarrassed, his hearers.

There is some discussion as to the new appointment to the see of St. Davids. St. Davids is by far the largest in area of the four Welsh dioceses, and it is thought it should be subdivided—£1500 a year being deducted from the present revenue of £4500. Many desire that the new Bishop should be an eloquent preacher in Welsh, but the *Church Times* says: "If we had to name the religious institution that had done most harm to religion in Wales, perhaps Sunday Schools would carry off the palm, but popular preachers would not be far behind." If the term religion is defined by the opinions of the *Church Times*, this statement would probably be assented to.

Mr. T. E. Ellis, the chief Liberal Whip, has sent nothing more than an official acknowledgment to the letter of Canon Scott Holland and other Liberal Churchmen.

There is some difference of opinion as to the centre of the new South Yorkshire Bishopric. Many are in favour of Sheffield, and others advocate Doncaster, for its excellent railway facilities and its fine parish church.

The theory of the New Testament text discussed and advocated by Westcott and Hort has practically received no serious challenge, but Dr. George Salmon, the Provost of Trinity College, Cambridge, has a work in the press in which he disputes it. Dr. Salmon is a scholar and controversialist of the first order, and his book will be looked for with great interest.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have in preparation a new work by Bishop Westcott on the Revised Version of the New Testament.

V.

Windsor, of all places in her Majesty's domain, naturally does not intend to let the commemoration of the Queen's attainment to the longest reign in English history go by without some public memorial of so great an event. The Town Council is at present engaged in the discussion of various schemes for a suitable and enduring monument of the occasion. The most likely project seems to be the erection of a new infirmary, to take the place of the present Royal Infirmary, which is not capacious enough to meet all the demands upon its hospitable shelter. If it is decided to build a new institution of the kind, the site will probably be a portion of the Bachelor's Acre.

A handsome tablet has been placed in St. Paul's Cathedral in memory of Major-General Sir John Eardley Wilmot Inglis, K.C.B., whose name will live as long as any record of the Indian Mutiny is extant, for his brave command of the garrison at Lucknow after the death of Lawrence and Banks until it was relieved by Havelock. The tablet bears a brief legend recording the chief events in the dead soldier's career. He died at Homberg in 1862.

Although he is still in England on leave of absence merely, it appears to be decided that Sir Harry Johnston will not return to British Central Africa as Consul-General and Commissioner. What appointment is likely to be substituted for that office is as yet unknown. Meanwhile Sir Harry is working at his book on British possessions and the influence of British civilisation in Central Africa. The subject is a large one, but Sir Harry is one of the few men who can treat it with authority.



## CAPE TOWN'S FAREWELL TO MR. CECIL RHODES.



PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES TO MR. RHODES ON THE PARADE, CAPE TOWN.

*From a Photograph by E. H. Short, Capetown.*

MR. RHODES LEAVING THE RAILWAY-STATION AT CAPE TOWN IN A CARRIAGE DRAWN BY MATABILI BOYS.

*Drawn by W. R. Keen, Capetown.*

## LADIES' PAGE.

## DRESS.

Let me consider to-day, just for the sake of a little pleasing variety, the prettiest possibilities of the petticoat, for the plaint of the petticoat is heard loud in the land of dress, drowning for ever the voice of the knickerbocker, save and except when this latter is heard on the plea of mere utility. Petticoats are luxurious garments exceedingly, and we cannot supply ourselves with one, or even two, and imagine we are relieved of all further responsibility on their behalf. The most attractive petticoats are made to match the stays, but should economy be any object, such



A SATIN EVENING DRESS.

policy cannot be pursued, for a pair of stays will wear out two or three petticoats, so that the stays be made, as all good stays should be, of some brocade or satin of first-class quality. The most luxurious of women wear stays for evening of white satin embroidered with pink rosebuds trimmed round the top with a band of narrow satin ribbon, upon which will rest a piece of real lace, the petticoat to complete such luxury being made of the same brocade trimmed on the hem with an accordion-kilted flounce of pink silk lightly draped with a flounce of white chiffon, bearing many insertions of lace, and tied at the top with pink ribbons. Such an equipment will probably wear some three dozen times, and may then be confidently trusted to the care of the cleaner, to do similar service subsequently. For every-day wear the same prescription may be followed in a dark-grounded brocade: in a black brocade, for instance, displaying little Empire wreaths of pink and blue flowers, and the stays could be treated in the same way with a band of coloured ribbon covered with the lace. The petticoat could have a light silk flounce veiled in black lace threaded with ribbons.

Should the proposed wearer of luxurios under-garments be a skater, then will the plain coloured petticoats be found more advisable. A scarlet satin pair of stays should be accompanied by a scarlet satin petticoat bearing on the hem two accordion-kilted flounces of satin unadorned. Orange silk petticoats look well on the ice too, and orange silk stays have charms with a trimming of white lace on the top. More economical is it to have a pair of stays made of black satin showing some decided colour in the pattern upon it, this colour to be matched by a plain silk petticoat. Very attractive stays may also be made of black and white striped silk, and these may be supplemented for day wear by a black satin petticoat, and for evening time by the white silk petticoat, but it is never advisable to wear the same stays in the daytime and in the evening—it is false economy; we should always have at least two pairs of corsets in wear at the same time. An ancient ball-dress or tea-gown may, of course, be brought into service to make petticoats most successfully, and if we are fortunate enough to possess an amiable corsetière who will take our own material, a very full ball-gown will yield sufficient stuff to enable us to have the corsets made to match.

But now let me say a word about the more decorative of flannel petticoats, which are not made of flannel, by the way, but of ribbed silk interwoven with a woollen lining, boasting as trimming two little frills of silk, and being made of most meagre dimensions. The flannel petticoat proper looks its best trimmed with a flounce of white pongee, with insertions of torchon lace and an edging of the same. Then, again, of course it appears under an attractive form when adorned with an elaborate silken embroidery on to a gathered flounce of flannel. Simpler, and perhaps more amenable to the wicked ways of the washerwoman, is the flannel petticoat, which boasts a double hem embroidered in silk and surmounted by two tucks.

Now to describe those two pictures. The one shows a coat of Venetian blue cloth, with fanciful braidings in black and a narrow edge of astrachan—this is in the sac form, which is most assuredly making its way into public favour, and now appears reaching to the hips, or reaching but to the waist. Its fullness depends much upon the individual taste, and its sleeves sometimes exhibit the ordinary coat form, or again appear in the blouse shape for which we claim episcopal origin. The evening dress illustrated is of Rose du Barry satin, covered with a fine black net from waist to knee, exploiting bands of silver sequin embroidery, a decoration which also bestows its influence upon the gathered flounce put on in Van-Dyke form and fastened with bows of black velvet ribbon. The bodice is made of the pink satin and swathed across with black net striped with sequin embroidery showing berthe and sleeves of white net. It is a most effective style, and one which might easily be called into requisition to renovate a light satin dress which has done its duty last season. I can picture excellent results being achieved on a white satin skirt draped with black net spotted with black chenille, dispensing altogether with the trimmings on the skirt and decorating the swathed bodice with bands of black velvet ribbon. A white chemisette and sleeves should put in their appearance on this, and just at one side of the décolletage a large bunch of La France roses might supply a finishing touch to a costume at once effective and economical. White net dresses are wondrously popular just now, the net being either of the finest order or of the coarse description known as Russian net, the latter perhaps lending itself with the greater facility to the decoration of tiny satin ribbons, and looking specially well in black; indeed, the black Russian net dress trimmed with graduated lines of black satin ribbons, with a full bodice overhanging the broad corset belt of steel and jet, the décolletage and the hem of the skirt being fringed with violets, dwells in my memory at the moment as one of the most effective half-mourning gowns I have met for many a long day or night.

"Ah Wonk," who is a delightful correspondent with a pleasing practice of numbering her questions at the end of her letter, is more than welcome to my advice. I am afraid that that blue dress would not dye heliotrope excepting in a very dark shade, which would not be attractive. The only colour I should imagine it would take successfully would be red, but this might be admirably treated with cream-coloured lace and pink roses and gardenias. It might take green, but it would have to be green of an emerald tone, and this, with a suggestion of gold, sable tails, and cream-coloured lace, would be very successful. The firm she suggests for cleaning, yes; but for dyeing she should try P. and P. Campbell, of Perth. The white and mauve dress ought to be reserved for summer wear, and should be trimmed with insertions of cream-coloured lace, when it will make a beautiful dress mounted on mauve and crowned with a mauve straw hat trimmed with black feathers and ribbons of three shades of mauve, pink, and purple.

PAULINA PRY.

## NOTES.

Of the fourteen reputed centenarians who died during the past year no fewer than eleven were women. Out of the 188 persons who were declared as over ninety years of age at death, 108 were women. The superior longevity of the female sex is a well established fact. To some extent it depends, of course, on their more sheltered method of living, but by no means exclusively, as the women of the labouring classes show a greater vital tenacity as well as those who have an easy time of it in the world. The vital power of girls is displayed in babyhood, for though about 104 boys are born to every 100 girls, the females have more than overtaken the deficiency before the end of the first

year. In other words, the belief of old nurses that "boys are harder to rear than girls" is a true one.

For the first time, another point in vital statistics as between the sexes has recently been investigated. This is the relative periods of sickness in life. It is only lately that there have been any female friendly societies, and hence the statistics as to the days of illness among women have been largely conjectural. But if these figures are to be



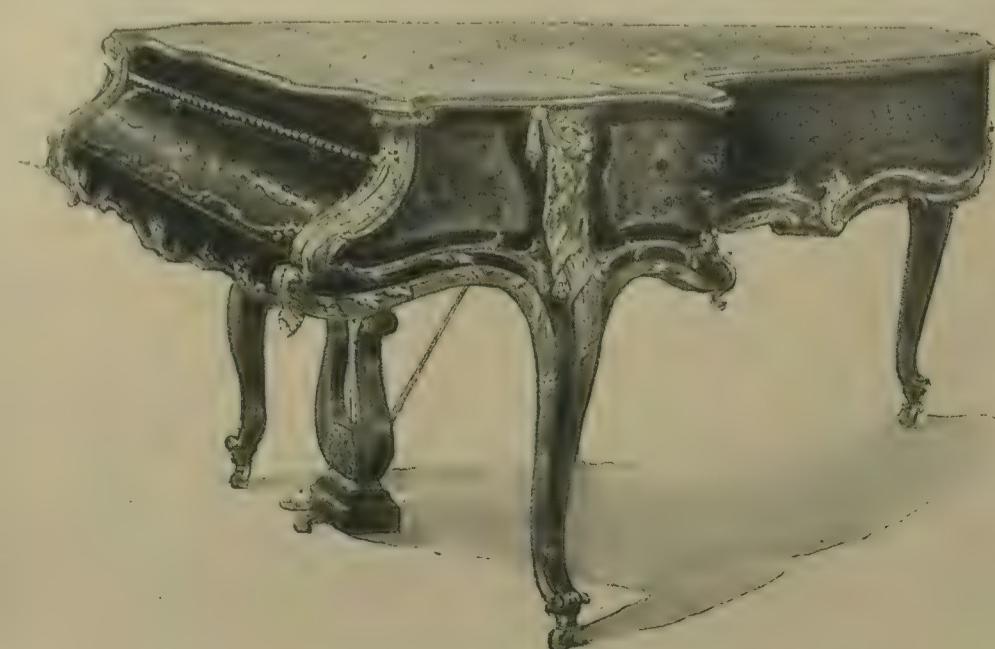
A BLUE CLOTH COAT.

received as reliable, women have more days of non-fatal sickness in the year on an average than men at all periods of life, except between fifty and sixty.

Apropos, a very curious fact has been unearthed by a private committee appointed by the leading life assurance societies. The subject of their inquiries was the mortality of persons engaged in the liquor trades. It is well established that the publicans are at the lowest point in the list of dangerous trades. This, you understand, is not teetotal talk, but fact, and it is curious, because publicans cannot be drunkards—a man who is not sober, as that term is generally received, soon loses his license. But the new fact revealed by the assurance societies' committee is yet more inexplicable; it is that the women who are engaged on their own account in the sale of drink are not nearly so injuriously affected by it as the men. As any excess of indulgence in alcohol is undoubtedly far more injurious to the female organisation than to the male, it can only be concluded that the women who take the responsibility of a license on themselves are endowed with greater self-control and moral strength than their trade compeers of the other sex.

Women submitted to the temptation of the trade in their capacity of wives, however, do not come out so well. Barmaids also are affected unfavourably by their occupation.

An instrument which we happened to see in a visit to the remarkable show-rooms of Erard's goes far to prove that the ugliness of the ordinary piano-forte is quite unnecessary. No doubt it is not easy to get an absolutely beautiful shape for a piano, as far as general line is concerned, but by a skilful varied treatment of its irregular lines a really great subtlety and beauty can be reached, as the Erard work shows. Moreover, the piano lends itself to the richest possible handling in the matter of metal-work and ébénisterie. The woodwork of the new instrument is a magnificent piece of marqueterie in which tulip and rosewood vie with one another in richness of effect. The workmanship might be set against the finest piece in the Jones collection. Perhaps, however, a more striking feature is the beautiful metal mounting, which shows that the tradition of "mercury gilding" and chasing has never died in Paris. Whether invention still reigns is not so clear, since we notice that the superb mounts have really been copied from the *Bureau du Roi*, Reisner's masterpiece, which may to this day be seen at the Louvre, after an adventurous career. The result of marqueterie of such quality and these splendid metal embellishments is an instrument



LOUIS XV. BOUDOIR GRAND BY ERARD.

# LIFE'S RUE AND ITS WINE.

'For One shall Grasp and One Resign,  
One drink Life's Rue and One its Wine;  
And God shall make the Balance Good.'

'Peace hath Higher Tests of Manhood than Battle ever knew.'—WHITTIER

'Behold, we know not anything! I can but trust that good shall fall At last—far off—at last, to all.'—TENNYSON.

## THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies.

Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in Life.

Former generations perished in venial ignorance of all sanitary laws. When Black Death massacred hundreds of thousands, neither the victims nor their rulers could be accounted responsible for their slaughter.' *Times.*

### The Moral—NATURE IS ONLY SUBDUED BY OBEDIENCE TO HER LAWS. PREVENTION.

**HUGE BLUNDER.**—This age, in many points great and intelligent, spends large sums of money in legal strangling of those who cause their fellows violent death, the result of ignorance and a want of control over the passions, while we *calmly* allow MILLIONS to DIE of, and HUNDREDS of MILLIONS to SUFFER from, VARIOUS PREVENTABLE DISEASES, simply for want of a proper sanitary tribunal. The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge blunder.

## THE TRANSVAAL!!!

PROSPECTING FOR GOLD IN FEVER-STRICKEN PARTS OF AFRICA. LACK OF SANITATION IN JOHANNESBURG.

Lydenburg Camp, near Johannesburg, Transvaal.

'I feel as in duty bound to write and compliment you upon the WONDERFUL EFFECTS of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" in CLEARING the BODY of ALL FOUL SECRETIONS. I may add that for the last twelve years I have never been without it. I spent four years in New Orleans and the West Indies, and although people DIE there DAILY OF FEVER; YET I ESCAPED, and I feel sure that it was owing to my KEEPING MY BLOOD COOL and my stomach in order by the USE OF ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." I came to this country eight years ago, and have lived in my capacity of GOLD PROSPECTOR in some of the MOST FEVER-STRICKEN parts of AFRICA. Just after the Jameson Raid, I and five companions volunteered for service in Matabealand. I, of course, took a good supply of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" with me. I may say, that of my five friends, with the exception of one who was killed, the REST were ALL DOWN with FEVER whilst in the fly country. Never in my life have I felt better, although FEVER is VERY PREVALENT in JOHANNESBURG owing to LACK of SANITATION or any system of drainage. You are at liberty to make whatever use you wish of this letter or of my name.'

Yours faithfully, TRUTH, Nov. 16, 1896.'



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

THERE IS NO DOUBT that where ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" has been taken in the Earliest Stages of a Disease it has in innumerable instances PREVENTED A SERIOUS ILLNESS. Its effect on any DISORDERED or FEVERISH CONDITION is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is in fact NATURE'S OWN REMEDY and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

**THE UPPER DISTRICTS OF THE CONGO.—BLOOD POISONS.**—A GENTLEMAN WRITES: 'ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is without doubt the first in its class in febrifuge preparations. During my journeys from Zanzibar to the Upper Districts of the Congo, as well as a long residence in the Tropics, I have never felt safe without it. I am at present in England on three months' leave.—Yours truly, VERITAS.'

Examine each Bottle and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

Prepared only at **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.**

## SUNLIGHT & LIFEBOUY SOAP COMPETITIONS.

The first of these Monthly Competitions will be held January 30th, 1897, to be followed by others each month during 1897. Competitors sending in the most coupons win the best prizes, but every competitor sending in not less than 50 Sunlight or 50 Lifebuoy Coupons wins a prize.

**£66,156.0.0.** in Prizes of CASH, BICYCLES,\* WATCHES, and BOOKS, **£66,156.0.0.**

GIVEN FREE for SUNLIGHT and LIFEBOUY Soap WRAPPERS.

### Rules

- Competitors may enter EACH or EVERY MONTH for EITHER or BOTH "Sunlight" or "Lifebuoy" Competitions, but must send in the "SUNLIGHT" or "LIFEBOUY" Coupons in SEPARATE PACKETS, carefully marked on the outside of the postal wrapper "SUNLIGHT" or "LIFEBOUY."
- For this Competition the United Kingdom will be divided into Seven Districts, and the Prizes will be awarded every month during 1897 in each of the Seven Districts as stated below.
- Competitors to save as many "SUNLIGHT SOAP" or "LIFEBOUY SOAP" Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper—that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP" or "LIFEBOUY SOAP." Enclose with these (called "Coupons") a sheet of paper stating Competitor's full name and address, and the number of coupons sent in, and forward same (see Rule 1.) postage paid to Lever Brothers, Limited, Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead, marked on the Postal Wrapper (top left-hand corner) with the NUMBER of the DISTRICT Competitor lives in, and the word "SUNLIGHT" or "LIFEBOUY," whichever coupons the packet contains.
- The competition will CLOSE the LAST DAY of EACH MONTH. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next. All parcels on which Postage has not been fully paid WILL BE REFUSED.
- Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employees of Lever Bros., Ltd., and their families are debarred from competing.
- A printed list of winners in competitor's district will be forwarded to competitors in about three weeks after each monthly competition closes.
- Lever Brothers, Limited, will endeavour to award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that ALL WHO COMPETE AGREE TO ACCEPT THE AWARD of Lever Brothers, Limited, as final.



### PRIZES FOR SUNLIGHT COUPONS.

- The 1 Competitor in each District who sends in the largest number of Sunlight Coupons from the District in which he or she resides, will receive £21 cash.  
The 10 Competitors in each District who send in the next largest number will each receive, carriage paid, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gentleman's "Premier" Bicycle, with Fleuss Tyres, price £21 ...  
The 40 Competitors in each District who send in the next largest number will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gentleman's Rolled Gold Watch, price £4.4s ...  
The remaining Sunlight Competitors will each receive Cloth-bound Books, by Popular Authors, in the proportion of 1 Book for every 50 Sunlight Coupons sent in ...  
Total Prizes for Sunlight Coupons during 1897

Total Prizes in all Districts during 1897.
£1,764 0 0
17,640 0 0
14,112 0 0
10,000 0 0
£43,516 0 0

### PRIZES FOR LIFEBOUY COUPONS.

- The 1 Competitor in each District who sends in the largest number of Lifebuoy Coupons from the District in which he or she resides, will receive £21 cash.  
The 5 Competitors in each District who send in the next largest number will each receive, carriage paid, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gentleman's "Premier" Bicycle, with Fleuss Tyres, price £21 ...  
The 20 Competitors in each District who send in the next largest number will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gentleman's Rolled Gold Watch, price £4.4s ...  
The remaining Lifebuoy Competitors will each receive Cloth-bound Books, by Popular Authors, in the proportion of 1 Book for every 50 Lifebuoy Coupons sent in ...  
Total Prizes for Lifebuoy Coupons during 1897

1,764 0 0
8,820 0 0
7,056 0 0
5,000 0 0
22,640 0 0
£66,156 0 0

GRAND TOTAL of all Prizes given for Sunlight and Lifebuoy Coupons, 1897

\* These Bicycles are the celebrated Helical (Spiral) Tube "Premier" Cycles, 1897 Pattern, manufactured by the New "Premier" Cycle Co., of Coventry and 19 & 20 Holborn Viaduct, London, fitted with the Fleuss Tubeless Pneumatic Tyres, Lamplugh's Saddles, and accessories.

† These are 14-carat Half-Hunter Rolled Gold Watches, jewelled, 1-plate.

No. of District.	NAME OF DISTRICT.
1	IRELAND.
2	SCOTLAND.
3	LONDON, MIDDLESEX, KENT, SURREY.
4	WALES, LANCASHIRE, CHESHIRE.
5	NORTHUMBERLAND, DURHAM, WESTMORELAND, CUMBERLAND, YORKSHIRE, ISLE OF MAN.
6	SHROPSHIRE, HEREFORDSHIRE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, WORCESTERSHIRE, WARWICKSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, LEICESTERSHIRE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, OXFORDSHIRE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, BERKSHIRE, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, RUTLANDSHIRE, LINCOLNSHIRE, HUNTINGDONSHIRE.
7	NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, ESSEX, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, BEDFORDSHIRE, HERTFORDSHIRE, SUSSEX, HAMPSHIRE, ISLE OF WIGHT, CHANNEL ISLANDS, WILTSHIRE, DORSETSHIRE, SOMERSETSHIRE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, DEVONSHIRE, CORNWALL.

of extraordinary richness and beauty, which, despite its gorgeousness, appeals even to the artistic and the critical.

At the recent annual meeting of the "Women's Industrial Council" (Mr. Haldane, Q.C., M.P., presiding), Miss Clementina Black asserted that "wages were going down in all occupations followed by women." Yet Miss Black and most of her allies on the same "Council" are active adherents of the constant efforts made by the trade unions to shut women out of one trade after another by placing restrictions on their hours and their labours. The result of such restrictions is to cause the women to be superseded by men in many trades, and thence necessarily to overcrowd more those trades in which women are left free to labour. The consequence, in the reduction of the wages in those fewer occupations, is inevitable. You may talk of banishing political economy to a distant planet, but results work out from causes inexorably, nevertheless.

The poor women who are hustled out of their trades by Factory Acts accept their calamity too quietly. The poor are generally so inarticulate! The more honour belongs to those who succour the classes who are too ignorant and passive to ask for help or thank those who render it. Among these helpers of the feeble must be counted the new Judge, Mr. Justice Byrne, who on his own motion introduced into the House of Commons and passed into law, the Session before last, the Act of Parliament that permits magistrates to grant a separation and maintenance allowance to poor wives who prove "persistent cruelty" or steady failure to provide for the family against drunken and brutal husbands.

There is one trade for women that is not overstocked. Many newspapers from all parts of the country are scanned by me weekly, and I can testify that there is always a hot discussion going on in three or four different towns as to how to get decent servants for middle-class homes. The bitter cry of the outcast mistress has long been heard in the land in the United States; and things are getting as bad here as there. Amid all the explanations that are offered as to why girls crowd into factories and shops at low wages and refuse to enter comfortable homes at far higher pay, I rarely see any recognition of the fact that seems to me to be the key of the problem—namely, the hardness of the bodily labour that domestic service implies. This is not so in the richer sort of households; but where there are but two servants kept for a house of ten or twelve rooms, arranged in five steep storeys, devoid of speaking-tubes to give orders without the maid coming up the stairs, and of any other mechanical device for saving labour, with an early breakfast and late dinner to get, and with half-a-dozen people to wait on—then the work is truly hard bodily labour. It is no more surprising that it is difficult to get enough women to do it, while less physically trying occupations are over-stocked, than it is that there should be in a new country (as there always is) a great scarcity of farm and other strong labourers and a superabundance of clerks, shopmen, and men who are only willing to follow the various "sitting trades."

F. F.-M.

#### NEW MUSIC.

The firm of Novello, Ewer and Co. have lately published a fourth set of "English Lyrics," by C. Hubert H. Parry, which should obtain universal favour. They are six in number, and all are high class, charming songs. The one that will be liked the most, no doubt, is that entitled "When Lovers Meet Again," words by Langdon Elwyn Mitchell. This has a joyous ring about it that is quite irresistible. A song that has the recommendation of genuine melody is "The Bells of Ice," by Berthold Tours, words by Shapcott Wensley. It is an unpretentious, pretty little effort. For young students of the piano we can recommend "Kirmess," being half-a-dozen well written, high-class pieces by Heinrich Hofmann; while to violinists who are fairly advanced the "Allegretto Grazioso," from the Symphony in G major by Dvorák, and the "Four English Dances" by F. H. Cowen will be welcome. From this firm we have also received a useful book of "Seales and Arpeggios" for the pianoforte by Franklin Taylor; "The Jackdaw of Rheims," for chorus and orchestra, by William H. Speer (words by Richard Barham); "Prince Ferdinand," an operetta for schools, by H. J. Ashcroft, R. D. Metcalfe, and Arnold Kennedy; and a cantata for female voices, entitled "A Daughter of the Sea," by Clifton Bingham and F. H. Cowen. A very useful addition to the musical library is C. Stainer's dictionary of "Violin Makers," which has been carefully compiled from the best sources. The author (the son of Sir John Stainer) has done his work with no small degree of skill. Another handy book is "Sonata Form," by W. H. Hadow, which is full of highly instructive matter.

From G. Ricordi and Co. we have only one new song, "Mandoline Serenade," by Napoleone Zardo. It is a tuneful setting of words by Pietro Mazzoni (English version by Percy Pinkerton) and should be generally liked. Vols. 4 and 5 of Ricordi's "Lyric Album" have respectively six songs by Denza and J. L. Rocckel, and are marvels of cheapness for eighteenpence each. Carlo Albani's "Fourth Nocturne" is a fairly difficult but melodious solo for piano, and the same can be said of this composer's "Fourth Barcarolle" and a "Second Valse-Caprice" by Constantino de Crescenzo.

Two of Franco Leoni's latest efforts reach us from E. Ascherberg and Co. The first of these is a very dainty little ditty, called "Laugh, Little Stream," words by William Akerman, and the other is a more serious piece of writing, being an excerpt entitled "The Red, Red Rose," from this composer's dramatic musical poem "Sardanapalus." "Come to me with thy Tears," by Frederick Rosse and Henry Hamilton, is a simple yet pleasing song; and a humorous trifle of merit is Alfred Plumpton's "Chic." Some acceptable dance music from the same firm includes "The Gaiety," by Roland Black; the "Kangaroo," by J. M. Glover; and the "Frolic," by Ernest Kuhe (all Barn dances); and a "Domino Dance" by Sydney Shaw.

Boosey and Co. are the publishers of a charming Russian love-song by Arthur Somervell, a setting of Ethel Spear's sorrowful little poem, "In the Early Dawning."

The talented composer has fairly caught the plaintive character of the words, and the song is altogether one that cannot fail to attract admiration. Vocalists who like a song with a refrain will welcome Frank L. Moir's "Down the Vale," which has pretty words by Gunby Hadath. "Blossoms," by Frank L. Stanton and Felix Corbett, is above the average, and should become popular. A complete contrast to this in style is Clifton Bingham's quaint "Happy Jappy." A simple melody and pretty though plaintive words are the chief characteristics of "The After-Glow," by F. B. Doveton and Henry Smith. Two good waltzes are Ernest Bucalossi's "Reine du Carnaval" and Oscar Féras' "Court Ball."

From Enoch and Sons we have a beautiful little song entitled "Love is Gone," by Landon Ronald, words by Kathleen Green. This young composer must be congratulated upon the spontaneity and charm of his style. His latest songs are quite excellent. A dainty little French ditty is "To Ninon," by Paul Delmet, English version by R. H. Elkin; and Gerald Lane's "Dreamy June" has an ear-haunting refrain which should be generally liked. It is impossible to give a long and exhaustive description of "Marchesi's Vocal Method." Suffice it to say that the eminent mistress of singing has herein written much that is valuable and necessary for the young student about to set out on a vocal career. There can be no doubt that this useful work will "add to the important results that she has obtained from forty-two years' application of her system."

A great contrast is to be found in the two songs by Franco Novara, published by Pattey and Willis. "Nadora" is an Indian love-song, and has a passionate ring throughout its well-written phrases; whereas "Three Very Poor Men" is distinctly comic in spirit, and should never fail to go down. The words of the former are by Arthur Chapman, and of the latter by G. Hubi-Newcombe. In "Love's Homage," D. Pughe-Evans has wedded to charming words melody that is sympathetic and sweet. "The Dream Maiden," by J. F. Barnett, and "Stephella," by E. Reeves are acceptable pieces for pianists.

A breezy nautical song is "A Dutchman of the Zuyder Zee," by Godfrey Marks. This and a pretty song in gavotte measure entitled "The Mirror," by A. J. Horspool and Theo. Bonheur, come from Wicks and Co., who also send No. 43 of their Grosvenor College Albums (containing several vocal and instrumental pieces), "Fair Japan," a nice waltz by P. Bucalossi, and "Chop, Chop," a bright polka by the same composer.

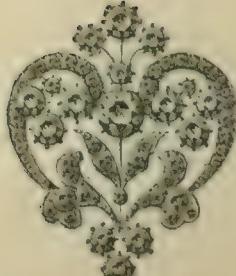
Among the latest of Edwin Ashdown's publications for pianoforte the following can be recommended. "L'Eureuil," by Ignace Gibson, is light and easy, and suitable for young beginners; and so is "Memories," by Charlwood Dunkley, which is tuneful and full of soft grace. More lively is "Lasses and Lads," by Seymour Smith; and those who seek for a thoroughly good pianoforte duet will find all they want in G. Backmann's stirring polonaise, entitled "La Vie Militaire."

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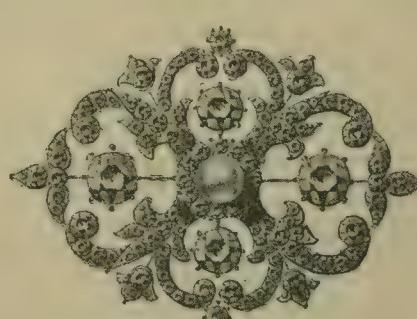
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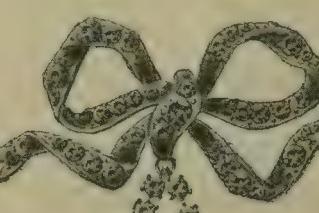
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 19, 1887), with a codicil (dated Jan. 4, 1896), of Mr. Joseph Downham, of Bury, Lancaster, who died on Sept. 20, was proved at the Manchester District Registry on Dec. 29 by Joseph Howard Downham, the son, and Samuel Woodcock, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £157,219. The testator specifically bequeaths numerous stocks and shares to a large amount to his daughter, Ada Mary; £2000, upon trust, for his sister-in-law Emma Oppenshaw; £100 to his executor Samuel Woodcock; £100 between the children of his brother George Downham, and an annuity of £20 to Sarah Anne Whipp. The residue of his property he leaves to his son, Joseph Howard Downham.

The will (dated June 25, 1877), with two codicils (dated Aug. 1, 1885, and Feb. 14, 1894), of Mr. Augustus Thomas Hotham, of 17, Calverley Park, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Dec. 24 last, was proved on Jan. 18 by Henry Montagu Doughty, the nephew, and Charles George Beaumont Hotham, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £102,150. The testator bequeaths £200 each to his nieces Mary Elizabeth Hotham and Frances Emma Hotham; £200 to his nephew Frederick William Hotham; £300 each to Richard Montagu Doughty and Charles Montagu Doughty; annuities of £150 each to his brothers and sisters; an annuity of £250 to his sister-in-law, Maria Catherine Stapleton; and legacies to his executors. The residue of his

real and personal estate is to be realised, and the proceeds thereof invested in the purchase of lands, hereditaments, and premises in Great Britain, to be settled upon his nephew Frederick William Hotham, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male.

The will (dated June 29, 1892) of Mr. Edward Penton, of 47, Grove End Road, St. John's Wood, who died on Dec. 9, was proved on Jan. 13 by Edward Penton, the son, Miss Caroline Penton, the daughter, and Henry Haynes, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £70,518. He bequeaths £100 and his furniture, plate, pictures, etc., to his wife, Mrs. Caroline Penton, and £50 each to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her death to his two children in equal shares as tenants in common.

The will (dated July 31, 1895), with a codicil (dated Oct. 22, 1896), of Miss Sarah Mary Anne Story, of 17, Bryanston Square, elder daughter of the late James Hamilton Story, of Ture, Cavan, and Errington, Tyrone, who died on Oct. 23, was proved on Jan. 6 by George Russell, Miss Georgina Richardson, and Wilfrid Thomas Rokeby Price, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £67,113. The testatrix gives £500 each to Hester S. Carson, Joseph S. Pender, and Mrs. Nellie Rowe; £200 each to George Russell, Wilfrid Thomas Rokeby Price, Colonel Percy Smith, and Francis

Story; £100 each to Constance Tyler, Frank Jenour, Eliza Fitzgerald, the Rev. Frederick Applewhite, and Charlton Chadwick; all her property, landed or otherwise, in Ireland, to Evelyn James Story; her share of certain property at Hemel Hempstead to her nephew Francis C. C. Rowe; legacies to relatives and servants; and a specific bequest of jewels to Isabella, Countess of Limerick. She appoints her cousin Georgina Richardson her residuary legatee.

The will (dated April 8, 1892), with two codicils (dated Aug. 4, 1892, and Nov. 7, 1896), of Mr. Joseph Duxbury, of 81, Burnley Road, Accrington, Lancashire, who died on Nov. 9, was proved on Jan. 19 by Aspinall Clayton and John Bradley, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £21,755. The testator bequeaths £2000, his household furniture and effects, and during her life or widowhood an annuity of £156 to his wife, Mrs. Ellen Duxbury; £1000 each to James Whittaker, Christopher Whittaker, Thomas Whittaker, Lawrence Whittaker, and Elizabeth Whittaker; £500 to Aspinall Clayton; and legacies to relatives and executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trusts, for accumulation until the death or remarriage of his wife, when he gives £5000 to the Accrington Town Council, upon trust, as to £3000 part thereof, to be called the "Duxbury Trust," for the relief of poor people, native and resident, of the borough, over sixty-five years of age; and £500 each towards a higher

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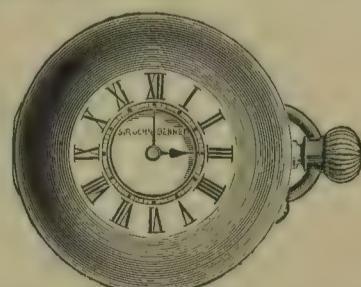
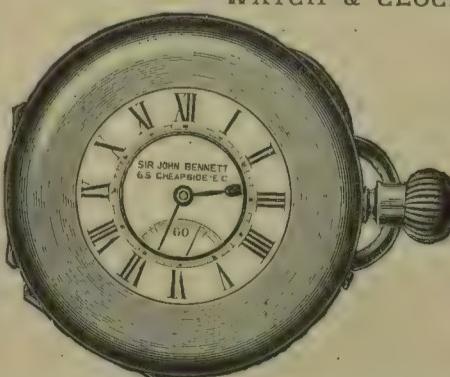
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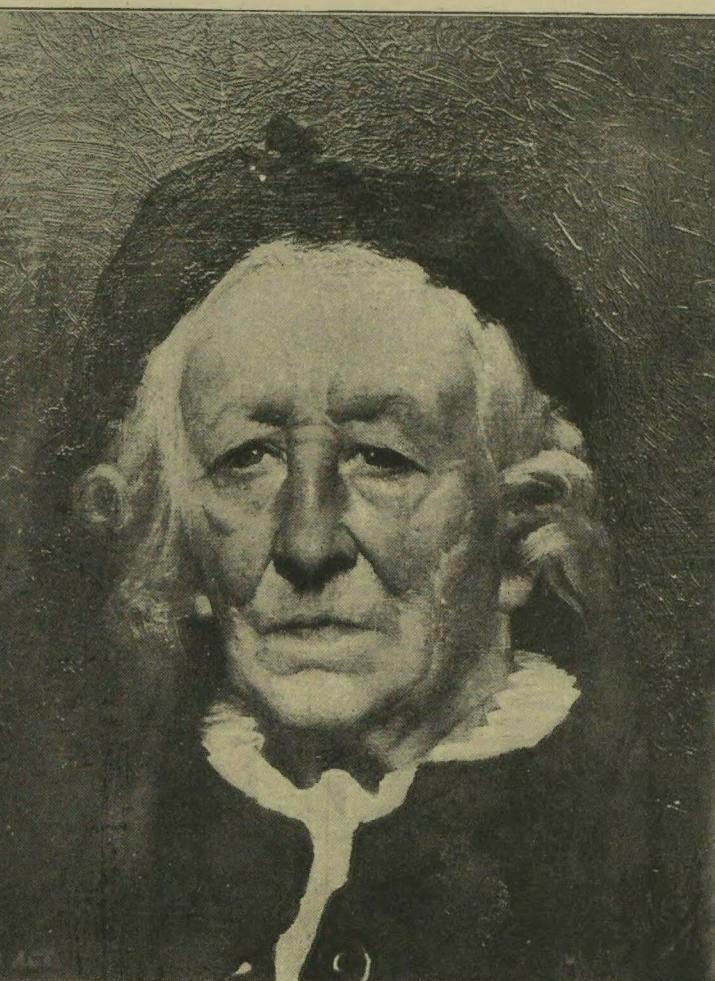
## ART HAND IN HAND WITH CHARITY.

Art at the hands of the artist is responsible for many good and charitable deeds. But rarely indeed has its mission been more practical and effective than is a circumstance that has just happened.

Messrs. Mellin, Ltd., the Proprietors of the well-known Mellin's Food, have just been holding a Fine Art Exhibition—and a popular one it was too—for there were nearly four thousand exhibits. These were drawn not only from English, Scotch, and Irish fields, but the Colonies and dusky India, and stranger folks were contributors as well.

Looking round the exhibition, this impressed you, and you realised at a glance how far-reaching is the interest taken in Messrs. Mellin's Food for Infants and Invalids.

Indeed, the show itself was a sight not readily to be forgotten. Four thousand pictures covered the walls and a big array of screens in the Queen's Hall, and it could not have been other than a costly matter to bring such a collection together. And yet Messrs. Mellin determined not to put the proceeds into their pockets. These were to be devoted to charities; so far £247 10s. has been realised, and that sum has been divided up as follows: Alexandra Hospital for Children with Hip Disease, £22 10s.; Belgrave



FIRST PRIZE, CLASS B—OILS.]

"OLD AGE."

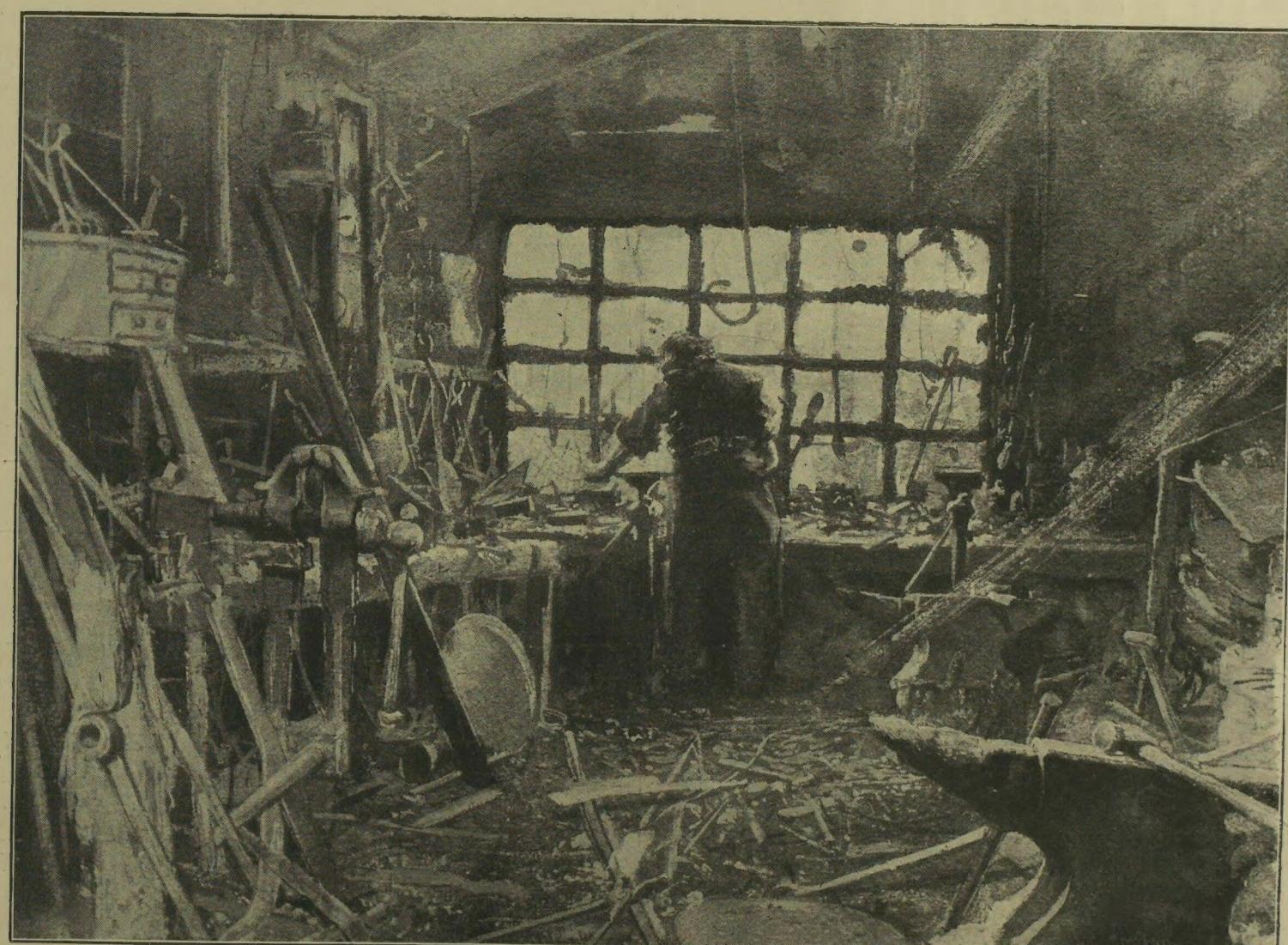
[THEO. B. HANSEN.

Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street), £22 10s.; North Eastern Hospital for Children, £22 10s.; St. Mary's Day Nursery and Hospital for Sick Children, £22 10s.; Victoria Hospital for Sick

*Referee* Children's Dinner Fund might have a purse of its own, and £10 6s. 9d. has been handed in to this fund.

These figures tell their own story. The exhibition was another of Messrs. Mellin's proverbial successes. They have added another laurel to their many, and their many is a good many. Not the least in the budget is the immense number of testimonials from grateful mothers—of all sorts and conditions of people, from those in the highest walks in society to the humblest peasant—all testifying to the practical service gained by using Mellin's Food, and these testimonials hail from every quarter of the globe. There are many unique among them. But without a doubt one of the most interesting is that from H. I. M. the Empress of Germany, for it tells how the young Royal Princes are Mellinites—they have been fed and brought up on Mellin's Food. You may know their merry little faces from their portraits. They almost sing with life: are there any merrier, healthier, or brighter children to look at to be found? The proof of the pudding is in the eating—the proof of Mellin's Food is in what it accomplishes. Pass the verdict for yourselves.

Among the four thousand exhibits there can be no doubt that there were many pictures of interest. Out of these were chosen the ones to



FIRST PRIZE, CLASS C—WATERCOLORS.]

"THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP."

[ALEX. GORDON.

Hospital for Children, £22 10s.; Cheyne Hospital for Sick and Incurable Children, £22 10s.; East London Hospital for Children, and Dispensary for Women, £22 10s.; Evelina Hospital for Sick Children, £22 10s.;

Children, £22 10s.; Edinburgh Royal Hospital for Sick Children, £22 10s.; Brighton Royal Alexandra Hospital for Sick Children, £22 10s.

Then there was the happy thought that the

which prizes were awarded, and the accompanying illustrations are some examples. These pictures are the property of Messrs. Mellin's Food, Limited, and are copyright.

grade school, a free public library, a technical school, and for public baths; £200 each to the Accrington Medical Dispensary, the Temperance Society (Accrington), the Royal Albert Asylum (Lancaster), the Henshaws Blind Asylum (Manchester), the Accrington and District Fund for the Blind, and the Royal Humane Society; £300 each to the Accrington Cottage Hospital, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; £500 each to the National Life-boat Institution and the British and Foreign Bible Society; £250 each to the Old Wesleyan Methodist Chapel and Sunday-School (Great Harwood) and the Accrington Liberal Club; and £50 each to the Liberal Clubs at Baxenden, Huncoat, Hapton, Clayton-le-Moors, Rishton, Belthorn, Church, and Oswaldtwistle. The ultimate residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Sept. 3, 1892) of Mrs. Anne Vivian, of The Grove, Torquay, widow, who died on Oct. 7, was proved at the Exeter District Registry on Dec. 8 by Miss Harriet Anne Sivewright, the niece, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £54,459. The testatrix gives her household furniture to her niece Harriet Anne Sivewright, an annuity of £100 to her housekeeper, Ann Easterling; and all property acquired or to be acquired under the will of James Sivewright to her nieces Harriet Anne Sivewright and Mrs. Nind. She devises her freehold premises, The Grove and Rockville, to her niece Harriet for life, and then to her great-niece Gertrude Lascelles. The residue of her property is to be

divided into twenty-five parts, of which she leaves six parts each to her nieces Mrs. Fanny Harriet Stephens and Mrs. Helen Lascelles; three parts to her niece Lady Lucy Fitzmayer; four parts each to her niece Clara Sivewright and her nephew William Vivian, and the remaining two parts to Mrs. Catherine Law.

The will (dated April 13, 1881), with four codicils (dated July 5, 1889; Feb. 18, 1890; and Oct. 30 and Nov. 21, 1893), of Lieutenant-Colonel George Augustus Vernon, D.L., J.P., formerly of the Coldstream Guards, late of Harefield Park, Uxbridge, who died on Nov. 25, was proved on Jan. 16 by Bertie Wentworth Vernon, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £10,179. The testator bequeaths the silver candelabrum presented to him by the Freemasons of Staffordshire, and the two claret-jugs and inkstand presented to him by the Rifle Volunteers at Wolverhampton, to his eldest surviving son; and the residue of his personal estate to his daughters Edith Henrietta Maria Vernon and Muriel Isabel Hugill. He recites that he has, conjointly with his late wife, appointed out of the trust funds of three settlements various sums of money to children, and he now, to place them on an equality with his other children, appoints £5500 and one sixth of the residue of the said trust funds to the three children of his late son, Herbert Charles Erskine Vernon; £5500 and one sixth of such residue each to his daughters Edith Henrietta Maria Vernon and Muriel Isabel Hugill; and the remaining three sixths of the residue of the trust funds

to his daughters Mrs. Mary Pringle, Mrs. Louisa Jane Donovan, and Mrs. Lizzie Gore-Langton.

The will of Mr. Charles Maclean, J.P., D.L., of Layer Marney Towers, Kelvedon, Essex, and the Reform Club, Pall Mall, who died on Oct. 25, was proved on Jan. 19 by Mrs. Ada Maclean, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4429.

The will and codicil of Mrs. Henrietta Leedham, of Studlands, Boscombe, Bournemouth, widow, who died on Nov. 19, were proved on Jan. 12 by Tyndall White, the nephew, Henry Selfe Leonard, and George Frederick White, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £3979.

The will of Mr. Neil Kennedy McKenzie, of 224, Piccadilly, who died on Dec. 31 at 16, Fitzroy Square, was proved on Jan. 16 by John McIntyre, the nephew, and Charles Blake, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £3571.

The mineral department of the British Museum has lately received an important addition in the form of a fragment of the meteor which, it will be remembered, burst over Madrid last spring, inflicting considerable damage in its fall. But two portions of the aerolite were discovered after the explosion, and the larger of them has, naturally, been retained by the authorities of the chief museum in Madrid; but the other one has been sent as a gift to the British Museum, by the courtesy of the directors of the Astronomical Observatory in the Spanish capital.

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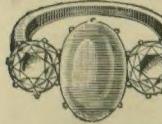
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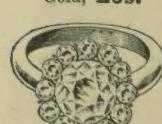
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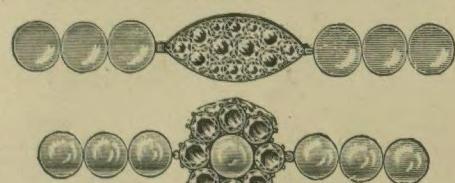
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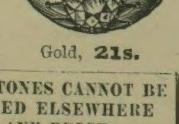
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## MISCELLANEOUS.

The proposal to expend six millions of marks (£300,000) upon the enlargement of the Berlin Museum seems to have been accepted without demur by the Prussian Chamber, and half a million marks has been voted for new works. The present building, as many know, is by no means insignificant, but, as it has to serve as a picture-gallery as well as a museum of antiquities, it is not surprising that, with so energetic a director as Dr. Bode, the wall-space and floor-space have been found deficient. The excavations at Pergamos and Olympia produced a number of magnificent works of art, which have been hitherto hidden away in the gloomy recesses of half-lighted vaults. We have heard similar complaints in our own country, but we have not yet heard of equal liberality on the part of the

House of Commons. The new buildings at South Kensington have been "in the air" for at least a dozen years. The trustees of the National Gallery annually put forward their demand for more space, and it was only because the Duke of Bedford offered a large area in the neighbourhood of the British Museum that we nurse the hope that in the course of the next century additional space will be provided for our ever-growing art treasures.

A deputation of silk manufacturers and merchants last week had an interview with Mr. Chamberlain at the Colonial Office, recommending Government action to promote silk cultivation in Cyprus, utilising the labour of the Armenian refugee women and children. The Colonial Secretary replied that Cyprus was better off since the British occupation, while the British Government

paid £30,000 or £40,000 a year in aid of the tribute to the Sultan of Turkey, besides granting £20,000 a year for public works. It was his opinion that the occupation would be of a permanent character.

The ratepayers of the very large and populous parish of Islington, who had to vote, under the Free Libraries Act, upon the munificent offer by Mr. Passmore Edwards of £10,000 as a gift, if they would establish a free library, rejected it by a majority of 3075 votes declared last week, 25,557 persons voting out of 36,286.

On Saturday the Assistant Schoolmasters' Association held its annual meeting at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, and passed resolutions declaring the urgent need of legislation to organise Secondary Education, with a central authority, and to provide for the registration of teachers.

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